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OLIVER CROMWELL;

OR

England in the Past,

VIEWED IN RELATION TO

ENGLAND IN THE PRESENT.

BY THE

REV. JOSEPH DENHAM SMITH,

MINISTER OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
KINGSTOWN.

“ Spirit of freedom, on,
And pause not in thy flight,
Till every clime be won,
To worship in the light.
Then, where the valleys sink,
And where the mountains rise,
The beacon lights of liberty
Shall kindle to the skies.”

FOURTH EDITION.

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1851.

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P R E F A C E .



THIS Lecture was delivered during a season of intense excitement, occasioned by the Papal aggression.* After its delivery numerous friends and citizens became urgent for publication. It has been prepared for the press during brief seasons secured from pressing pastoral and official engagements, and may be expected to bear marks of evident imperfection.

Besides the urgency of the request alluded to, other circumstances have induced the writer to give circulation and permanency to the Lecture. He knows of *no shilling book* favourable to Oliver Cromwell. The large and valuable works of Vaughan, Carlyle, D'Aubigne, and Macau-

* At the Rotunda, Dublin, February, 1851, before "The Young Men's Christian Association," M. POLLOCK, Esq., in the Chair.

lay, are not accessible to the poorer classes. Considerable extracts, however, from their writings are embodied in this Lecture, with the hope that they may create a desire for the works themselves. The beautiful portrait of the Puritans, drawn by the hand of Macaulay, is of exquisite interest and worth. Scarcely less so is that of England during the Commonwealth, from the pen of the greatest of uninspired men, John Milton.

The author need offer no apology for his strong leaning towards those views of liberty and religion held by the Puritans. He avows himself a decided Protestant, and has been at no pains to conceal his sentiments. The times are such as to demand an opinion from every man. In this modern Papal movement we are expressly told by Dr. Wiseman, "that the Canon law of Rome is inapplicable to England under vicars-apostolic, and that therefore the English Catholics must have a hierarchy." To have an hierarchy, then, is no spiritual step merely, for it involves "THE

OLIVER CROMWELL.

OUR great topic this evening will be Oliver Cromwell. When invited to its consideration I was painfully conscious that any qualification I possessed was but too inadequate to justify my consent. Notwithstanding this, and though open to the charge of great presumption, I felt more than a willingness to renew my study of a character whose influence, after a lapse of two hundred years, is so visibly manifest, and whose actions have given a new development to the cause of human nature. And now, surrounded in this vast assembly by all the exciting realities of having given my consent, I am filled with a sense of responsibility. I mean, however, to speak freely of Oliver Cromwell ; and the more so because, having been bred in the midst of conflicting opinions, I am conscious of exemption from every feeling of animosity. My only request of my auditory is, that they would manifest a similar exemption. In estimating the character of Oliver Cromwell we are liable to fall into one of two extremes—the extreme of excess, or the extreme of deficiency. His friends, many of them, have given him an unmixed approbation ; and

his enemies, not considering the character of the crisis in which he acted, have heaped upon him an un-mixed execration. We shall seek to strike the happy medium, and, as has been eloquently expressed, "roll along the highway of uncontested facts." The discovery of such facts, relative to the subject before us, has formed an important era in our history. Clouds and darkness have for a long time hung over the period of the Commonwealth of England. It was a *terra incognita*, an unknown region for nearly two hundred years. Cromwell and the men who took part with him in the struggle of the seventeenth century were but obscurely understood. They were looked upon from a wrong point of observation. The light, however, which now shines upon us may prove of incalculable use in this solemn age, an age perhaps as pregnant with evils, which mightily strive for mastery and permanence, as was the great formative age of the Commonwealth itself.

We are among those who think that unspeakable wrong has been done to the memory of Oliver Cromwell. The thing is easy of explanation, though it reflects little credit on the justice of human nature. At the Restoration an utter abjuration of the name, principles, and deeds of the Protector was the high road to preferment. Any vindication of him was menaced by the loss of liberty, and even of life. The Star-Chamber had scarcely gone out of memory. How, under such circumstances, could a right estimate be formed? The delusion became the inheritance of subsequent generations. Not only was his memory ignored, but the material works in which his policy

was recorded were, as far as possible, consigned to infamy ; every possible device was taken to blacken his character ; the spirit of a fiend-like hate made havoc at his very grave ; his bones were exposed and execrated ; his mutilated remains were affixed to a gallows at Tyburn, a spectacle of ridicule. This, however, was no proof of his badness. It will be remembered that the immortal Wickliffe, the star of the Reformation, was similarly treated. His historian tells us that his ashes were exhumed and then thrown into a neighbouring brook. But where did the brook convey the sacred deposit ? Where, but to the bright waters of the “gentle Avon.” The Avon again conveyed them to the Severn, the Severn bore them in its limpid folds onwards to the channel-waters ; the channel-waters mingled with the great and general ocean. How symbolic this of the principles of the noble reformer ! Small in their influence at the beginning, first the brook, then the Avon, then the channel-waters. Blessed, blessed principles ! they are the pure and progressive principles of the Gospel of Christ. And what is now our prayer, is it not that of the sainted Heber ?—

“ Waft, waft, ye winds, its story,
And you, *ye waters*, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.”

Our own times have not been altogether purged of the disgrace which marks the treatment of Oliver Cromwell. The commoners of England, in their wisdom, have recently refused him a niche in that new senate house, where our great men are to be held in

a perpetual remembrance. This they do though his morality is unimpeached, though his love of equity, of liberty, and of his country is undoubted, and though his abilities as a statesman are confessedly great. This they do, though he was successful in guiding the bark of British interests up from unparalleled dangers to a condition of haleyon tranquillity, of national prosperity, of foreign respect, and of unprecedented influence, so that the following eulogium is still fresh from the pen of our latest historian. "England, under Cromwell, was supreme on the ocean. She was the head of the Protestant interest. All the reformed Churches scattered over Roman Catholic kingdoms acknowledged him to be their guardian. The Huguenots of Languedoc, the shepherds who, in the hamlets of the Alps, professed a Protestantism older than that of Augsburg, were secured from oppression by the mere terror of his great name. The Pope himself was forced to preach humanity and moderation to Popish princes. For a voice, which seldom threatened in vain, had declared, that unless favour were shown to the people of God, the English guns should be heard in the Castle of Saint Angelo." As a Protestant ruler he never surrendered in the least wise to Papal encroachments, domestic or foreign. On this ground alone he deserved a *niche* in Westminster. The refusal, indeed, would well become the Castle of Saint Angelo. It reflects disgrace on the parliament and people of Protestant England. But an immortality of mere statutory, in this matter, signifies little. Sooner or later Oliver Cromwell will have a more honourable niche

in the hearts and memories of myriads in our own and in all lands who value constitutional liberty, and are blessed with a pure, unadulterated Gospel.

But *our own* population are not free of the evil. That "the curse of Cromwell" should be the common form of imprecation at the foot of the *Galtee*, or in the five counties west of the Shannon, need not excite much surprise. That *Roman Catholic* Ireland should have a horror of his name we can easily imagine, but that the *Protestant* mind is not yet purged is matter for astonishment and regret. Is it not the fact that even Protestant Dublin still trembles in the balance as to an opinion? With some noble exceptions, Oliver Cromwell yet remains to be known. The books used in the nurseries of our metropolitan homes form a criterion of the views of our people; some of these, sold by our Protestant publishers, and now in their fourteenth edition, represent the man as a common murderer and a hypocrite. A shilling book for the million, a small work for the young, is our great desideratum.

But although his memory for two hundred years has not been under the patronage of any particular party, yet justice and truth are beginning their triumph. Almost every day adds shame to the enemies of Oliver Cromwell. Who now can write a history of our ancestors without doing some honour to the man who, as it were, on horseback or in the field, instituted a great dynasty, and laid the foundation of one of the best constitutions the world ever knew. It would matter little were we to form wrong ideas of *the man*, considered simply as an indi-

vidual. His vast policy is involved ; our laws, our liberties, and our religion are deeply interested. All the energies of his great nature were adjusted against the enemies of these. This is the one point of view in which an enlightened mind should survey his career. The sequel of this lecture is intended to shew, that, with such enemies in view, his course, allowing for many mistakes incidental to our nature, was yet a righteous course ; and that his path, so far as it was the path of the just, will shine brighter and brighter until the perfect day. Among the names who have recently protected the Protector, we may mention Dr. Robert Vaughan of Manchester, Thomas Carlyle, Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, Robert Wilson of Edinburgh, and Thomas Babington Macaulay. The writings of the last named historian form an epoch in our history : they are read in transalpine and transatlantic lands ; they are discussed on the rail, in the saloon, on the ocean, in the coffee-room of the hotel, and in the parliamentary club. Kings and priests, nations, at home and abroad, may now possess a better understanding of the men to whom we owe so large a portion of what is truly valuable in our constitution, and also of the times in which they struggled and suffered to effect for it a permanence. And what heart does not beat with pleasurable emotion when we remember that facts and principles are being evolved under the immediate notice, and perhaps the admiration, of our beloved monarch, whom may God govern and bless—principles equitable, glorious, and luminous, not unworthy of that illustrious “ throne on which the great Alfred sat.”

Men naturally shudder at the name of a revolution. With some a revolution and a blind destruction are synonymous. The revolution of the seventeenth century must be looked upon more in the light of a *renovation*, A REGENERATION. It was pregnant with good to England ; it produced national greatness. There was vast confusion, there was blood. These were among the strange designs of an overruling Providence. The work was more than human. An expectant emigrant, a country gentleman of mature age and peaceful habits, is desirous of quietly leaving his own land for the calm seclusion of some far off wilderness, and without any design or forecast on his part, having been denied the liberty of emigration, he is thrown back on his country, where his actions are suddenly productive of a momentous change. The multitude may discover only an individual ; they may or they may not wish that he had been allowed freedom of emigration, but the condition and destinies of millions of human beings could not turn on the mere caprice or disposition of a man. God's hand is always and everywhere supreme ; all other hands are but instruments. Too long, indeed, have we denied the Divine Being a presence in history. "I have gone down," remarks the author of the Reformation, "into the lists whither the recitals of our historians have invited me. There I have witnessed the actions of men and of nations, developing themselves with energy, and contending in violent collision. I have heard a strange din of arms, but I have been nowhere shown the majestic countenance of the presiding Judge. Say do not those revolutions which hurl

kings from their thrones, and precipitate whole nations to the dust,—do not those wide-spread ruins which the traveller meets with among the sands of the desert,—do not those majestic relics which the field of humanity presents to our view, do they not all declare aloud a God in history? Gibbon, seated among the ruins of the Capitol, and contemplating its august remains, owned the intervention of a superior destiny. He saw it; he felt it. In vain would he avert his eyes; the shadow of a mysterious power started from behind every broken pillar, and he conceived the design of describing its influence in the disorganization, decline, and corruption of that Roman dominion which had enslaved the world. Shall not we discern amidst the great ruins of humanity that almighty hand which a man of noble genius—one who never bent the knee to Christ—perceived amid the scattered fragments of the monuments of Romulus, the sculptured marbles of Aurelius, the busts of Cicero and Virgil, the statues of Cæsar and Augustus, Pompey's horses, and the trophies of Trajan—and shall not we confess the hand of God?" That Divine Providence was purging England, and His Church in England, of great evils in the seventeenth century there can be no reasonable doubt. Many of the measures were awfully severe. The body politic underwent terrific amputation. The several members were subjected to great pain; some were altogether sacrificed. "But God was the Judge. He putteth down one and setteth up another."

A fulfilment of these truths will be seen in the remarkable life and times of Oliver Cromwell, a brief sketch of which we now proceed to give.

Oliver Cromwell was born on the 25th April, 1599. He was born when, as now, most remarkable times were passing over England. The attention of Europe was directed towards that land. Interests of an infinite moment were at stake. The Protector was a babe only three years of age when the great Queen Elizabeth died. All England had been lying under the excommunication and curse of the man at Rome. With heroic spirit Elizabeth had hurled defiance to both the curse and the man. Many had trembled for the effect of this wickedness. From Rome to the Orkneys there were superstitious minds which foretold the approach of some horrible doom. Elizabeth, however, whilst she lived, proved a mighty breakwater to the power of the Pope in England. That monarch once gone, the tide of the Papacy may roll in upon the nation with unmitigated horror. It is wonderful, however, to think that though no curse from the Vatican had been pronounced over Italy, its fair fields have fallen into a state of barrenness and waste ; its "Eternal City" into a fourth-rate market-town, and its once spirited people into penury, slavery, and misery ; whilst England, over whose comparatively barren acres the blight and the mildew of the Pontifical curse had rested, has, from the very date of the following "Bull," risen into a condition of commercial greatness and national prosperity. The document is headed, "The Condemnation and Excommunication of Elizabeth Queen of England and of her Adherents, with the addition of other punishments by Pope Pius the Fifth." Among other passages are the following :

"He who reigns on high, to whom all power is given

in heaven and in earth, delivered one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, without the pale of which is no salvation, to one only person in earth, namely, to the prince (or chief, *principi*) of the Apostles, to Peter, and to Peter's successor, the Roman Pontiff, to be governed in the plenitude of power. This one person he appointed prince (or chief) over all nations and all kingdoms, to pluck up, to destroy, to scatter abroad, to disperse, to plant, and to build [Is this only SPIRITUAL power?] that he might, in the unity of the Spirit, keep together the faithful people, bound by the tie of mutual charity, and present them safe and unhurt to their Saviour. . . . But the number of impious men has so increased in power, that no place in the world is now left which they have not tried to corrupt by the worst doctrines: among others, Elizabeth, the servant of wickedness, the pretended Queen of England, adding her endeavours; with whom, as their asylum, the most hostile of all have found a refuge. . . . We, by necessity, driven to the arms of justice against her, cannot soothe our grief that we are led to punish one whose ancestors deserved so well of the Christian commonwealth. Wherefore, upheld by the authority of Him who willed to place us (though unequal to such a work) on this supreme throne of justice, we, of the plenitude of the Apostolic power, declare that the aforesaid Elizabeth being a heretic and the favourer of heretics [What less is Victoria?], and those who adhere to her in the matters aforesaid, have incurred the sentence of cursing, and are cut off from the unity of Christ's body; and moreover that she herself is deprived of her pretended right to the

kingdom aforesaid, and also of all and every kind of dominion, dignity, and privilege; and likewise that the nobles, subjects, and people of the said kingdom, and all others who have in any way whatever sworn to her, are for ever absolved from such oath, and utterly from all obligation of dominion, fealty, and obedience, as we by authority of these presents do absolve them; and we deprive the same Elizabeth of her pretended right of the kingdom, and of all others aforesaid [What less could Victoria expect?]; and we charge and forbid all and singular the nobles, subjects, people, and others aforesaid, that they dare not obey her or her admonitions, commands, and laws. Whosoever shall act otherwise, them WE BIND BY LIKE SENTENCE OF CURSING."

Is this the Bishop of Rome who now, to serve a purpose, tells the English nation, in behalf of Cardinal Wiseman, that his system is *only* a *spiritual* system? What cool effrontery is here! A spiritual system, forsooth! What saith its Canon law?

"The Bishop of Rome may give authority to arrest men, and imprison them in manacles and fetters."

"The Bishop of Rome may excommunicate emperors and princes, depose them from their states, and assail their subjects from their oath of obedience to them, and so constrain them to rebellion."

What said the enlightened Cranmer?—"It is well known, as well by all histories as by daily experience, that none have more ambitiously aspired above emperors, kings, and princes, nor have more perniciously moved the ignorant people to rebellion against their princes than certain persons *who falsely challenge to*

themselves to be only counted and called SPIRITUAL."

The men of the sixteenth century, and the Man of the seventeenth century—Oliver—knew better than to treat the Papacy as simply a *religious* system. They knew it as a huge instrument by which liberty, religion, and life had been put to every sort of torture. Nevertheless, the "Bulls" fall harmless enough where there is no power to enforce them: notwithstanding the curse England flourished.

But now Elizabeth had died when Oliver was three years of age. At the very commencement of the reign of the Stuarts, from causes too numerous for even a mention, "a republican spirit began to manifest itself strongly in the Parliament and in the country; the claims of the monarch, James, took a monstrous form, which would have disgusted the proudest and most arbitrary of those who had preceded him on the throne." A slavish condition was sought to be enforced on the nation. This was at a time when the human mind was making rapid progress in England. The souls of good and great men were stirred to their depths; public affairs, however, were in that apocryphal state which fill the ignorant with fear and trembling. It was a homely, secluded mansion in which Oliver was born. It stood on the banks of the Ouse, not far from St. Ives, a town situated in the flat county of Huntingdon. Often in their retirement did the parents of the young Oliver speak of the events which were looming, and of the remarkable times through which their children were likely to pass. How little is known of what will happen! Little did his mother think, as the babe slumbered on the bend

of her arm who or what he was destined to be. But little is known of his childhood. Rivers are always attractive. On the slow and solemn surface of the Ouse the image of young Cromwell was often mirrored, as he sported on its banks, sometimes plucking at its edge a "forget-me-not" to carry to the mansion of his widowed mother.

Much has been said to depreciate his family : only ignorance could make the attempt. His father was son to Sir Richard Cromwell. His mother was born to an opulent citizen of Ely. She was, we are told, indubitably related to the Stuarts, being some sort of cousin—about the ninth!—to Charles Stuart himself. His uncle was "the Golden Knight of Hitchinbrook," a stately mansion situate on the banks of the Ouse. It was there that King James lodged, on his way to London to take possession of the English crown. Many knights, on that occasion, were made in the great hall of Hitchinbrook. Among Oliver's relatives, moreover, was the gallant Earl of Essex. This, then, is a first fact to be fixed in the memory, that no more be said about the low, the mean, the vulgar origin of that blood which flowed in the veins of the man who afterwards became Protector of the Commonwealth of England.

His *education* has been traduced. But he was not only well-bred, considering his times—he was well educated. At the age of seventeen, he was a student in Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge, a college of respectable repute. He there became familiar with the historians of Greece and Rome, and, as is afterwards seen in his dealing with foreign ambassadors,

could freely converse in the Latin tongue. On completing his studies at Cambridge, he proceeded to London, where he became a student of the law.

Whilst a student in London, he became acquainted with Sir James Bouchier. In that acquaintance, he studied more than the law! His heart was won by the beautiful Elizabeth, a daughter of Sir James. With such powerful emotions as those, which were constitutional with young Cromwell, and with so loving a prize as it is evident Elizabeth was, it is little wonder that his affection was so ardent and true. Peaceful and happy were the days of their courtship: it is a green spot in Oliver's history. Who can walk by the old church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, and look up at the venerable pile, without thinking that there, in August, 1620, the young Elizabeth and Oliver were married. Ah! little did he imagine that the heart and the mind which in that spot he betrothed to his sweet bride, would, in after-days, become absorbed with the government of all England at Whitehall, or with such bloody conflicts and rapid conquests, at Naseby, at Preston, at Marsden Moor, at Dunbar, and at numerous other places on either side of the Tweed and on both sides of the channel.

For the present, however, he retires with his young wife to the mansion of his mother, who is now twice a widow. As a son, as a husband, as a father, as a well-respected head of a country property worth a sum equal to twelve hundred a-year of our money, he had nothing farther to desire. He had retirement, and he loved it well; he had the merited esteem and confidence of all who knew him. The most that he

knew of the affairs of the nation came to him through the weekly papers and the occasional visits to St. Ives of good and devoted men, who, acting on a sort of "home mission," preached to Oliver's household, and others, the unsearchable riches of Christ. An occasional visit also from his illustrious kinsman, John Hampden, informed him how things were going at head quarters, where he and the friends of liberty were carrying on a sore conflict with evil.

It will be expected that I should say something of the *religious character* of Oliver Cromwell. It may appear strange to some to speak of his *conversion* to God; the documents, however, attesting the fact, speak for themselves. On such a point no uninspired documents could be more satisfactory. We have the same sort of evidence which is supplied respecting Martin Luther, John Knox, John Bunyan, John Wesley, or John Newton. Conversion is a turning of the soul to God; it is a great spiritual change—a change rendered absolute by our depravity and guilt, and by our Lord's great declaration—"Ye must be born again." As it is a change in which a soul is born *for* heaven, so it is *from* Heaven. "*It is the Spirit that quickeneth; it is the Spirit that maketh alive.*" Oliver Cromwell was a man of strong convictions, of powerful emotions. When he saw the law of God condemn him, he felt its terrors. When the peace of acceptance with God, and pardon, beamed upon his troubled soul, like Bunyan, he was filled with unspeakable joy. He had a nature never satisfied with *doubts*. His conversion was *decided*. The following will convey some idea of the greatness

and reality of his change, for mere assertion concerning the simplicity and genuineness of his conversion is not enough. "He was wounded and dejected under the influence and burden of sin. Often had he to send for his physician; so terribly did his sins oppress him that the effect was evident not only upon his mind, but also on his strong frame." "It was in the seclusion of Huntingdon," writes Thomas Carlyle, "that we must place what Oliver, with unspeakable joy, would call his conversion—his deliverance from the jaws of eternal death; certainly a grand epoch for a man, properly the only one epoch. He was henceforth a Christian man; not on Sundays only, but on all days, in all places, and in all cases." Illustrative of this are his own letters. We shall be content with one:—

"To my beloved Cousin, Mrs. St. John, at Sir William Marsham his house called Otes in Essex:

Present these.

"Ely, 13th October, 1638.

"DEAR COUSIN,—I thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind remembrance of me upon this opportunity. Alas, you do too highly prize my lines and my company. I may be ashamed to own your expressions, considering how unprofitable I am, and the mean improvement of my talent.

"Yet to honour my God, by declaring what He hath done for my soul, in this I am confident, and I will be so. Truly, then, this I find: that He giveth springs in a dry barren wilderness where no water is. I live, you know where—in Meshec, which they say signifies *prolonging*; in Kedar, which signifies *black-*

ness: yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though He do prolong, yet He will, I trust, bring me to His tabernacle, to His resting-place. My soul is with the congregation of the First-born, my body rests in hope: and if here I may honour my God either by doing or by suffering, I shall be most glad.

“Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of his God than I. I have had plentiful wages beforehand; and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in His Son, and give me to walk in the light; and give us to walk in the light, as He is the light! He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say, He hideth his face from me. He giveth me to see light in His light. One beam in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it:—blessed be His name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine! You know what my manner of life hath been. Oh, I lived in and loved darkness, and hated light; I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true: I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. O the riches of His mercy! Praise Him for me; pray for me, that He who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ.”

Elsewhere, in his early experience, we find him bemoaning himself thus, “O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death,” language which his enemies have not failed to pervert from its true meaning. The natural man cannot discern the high import such words had in the experience of Oliver Cromwell. How im-

portant then is it to fix this fact also in our minds ; it lies at the foundation of all that was morally great and sublime in his remarkable character. As to his being a hypocrite, the times in which he lived were too perilous for a mind like his to be contented with so useless and so terrible a sham. He needed a reality beyond anything human, on which to found a confidence, which no created power or danger could shake. Well then may Milton say concerning this period of his life :—" He had grown up in peace and privacy at home, silently cherishing in his heart a confidence in God, a magnanimity well adapted for the solemn times that were approaching. Although of ripe years he had not yet stepped forward into public life, and nothing so much distinguished him from all around as the cultivation of a pure religion, and the integrity of his life." Milton himself was no sham, and of a hypocrite he would not have written thus, or have so disgraced the pen from which flowed his "Paradise Lost." The following is the testimony of Dr. Merle D'Aubigne :—" Oliver was a Christian in earnest. He had been called by God to the knowledge of Jesus Christ ; his mind had been enlightened and his heart renewed by the Divine Word. To this call from on high, this great call from God, which so many souls despise, or at least neglect, he had replied from the depths of his heart, and had laid hold of the grace presented to him, with a new and unalterable will. He had believed in the name of the Lord, in the blood of Jesus Christ : he had been delivered from the penalty of sin, and from the dominion of evil. A new birth

had given him a new life. He was at peace with God: he possessed the spirit of adoption, and an easy access to the throne of Grace. From that time he became a man of prayer, and so he remained for the rest of his life. He lived and he died in prayer. It was not he who loved God first: he had been loved by him, and had believed in this love. He had not acted like those who, enchanted by the world, always defer the moment of their conversion, and thus become guilty of the greatest sin and the greatest folly.

“ ‘ Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.’ ”

In regard to the kingdom of heaven, he had learned that it is the *violent who take it by force*; and with the whole energy of his soul, regenerated by the Holy Ghost, he had seized upon it. Oliver was now a real Christian: he remained one to his latest breath; and, if we except a few moments of trouble, to which the most godly men are subject, he persevered in faith and confidence till his course of mortality was completed.” I again repeat it, here is a great fact to be borne in mind by all who would come to a just estimate of Oliver Cromwell.

Such then were the private and personal elements at the foundation of his character. There were, however, events transpiring in the nation, which, in their direct influence over his mind, speedily formed the man for “the solemn times that were approaching.”

Before, however, we launch out into this wider field,

let me record a fact not generally known and too seldom considered, but which bears a most important influence on our estimate of Cromwell.

The idea of war and blood had, it appears, never entered into his mind until late in life. He had never looked on either until he was forty years of age ; nor had he seen a skirmish until then. As a private Huntingdonshire gentleman he could have had no idea at all of the mighty enterprise of ruling England. It was not until with horror and sorrow he saw a revolution coming on which no man could stop, but which a God in heaven and his people could guide to a tranquil issue, that he consented to leave his retirement and stand forth first of all with the moral weapon, and afterwards, that failing, with the *carnal* weapon, which, whenever used, became at once a fountain of blood. Take the following as an illustration:—The Thames, in the seventeenth century, was rolling along its ancient course as now ; on its banks were only a few of those huge stores which, in the nineteenth century, make London, along the river, a perfect solitude at night. The city had risen into greatness. Time was when only a few fishermen dwelt where it now stands. On either side of the river were green meadows, with cowslips and daisies, and here and there were spread the nets of the fishermen. No sound was heard but the lowing of the distant cattle, the voice of the sea-fowl, or the splashing of the oar on the waters. Now nearly 3,000,000 of our race live along its banks. At the time to which I refer in the seventeenth century, London was the size of Dublin, in the nineteenth ; its popu-

lation the same as ours. There were early ideas of emigration in England ; seven emigrant vessels were now lying near London bridge. Among their numerous passengers were two gentlemen ; one of them appeared from the country, the other bore marks of being accustomed to the city ; they were evidently on terms of close intimacy. They were now on board, and many were the countenances on shore that looked towards them with sorrowful eye. They had said, Farewell home ! farewell kindred ! farewell friends ! The moorings were being loosened, and they were about to utter a melancholy fare-thee-well to old England, their much-loved, but much-oppressed fatherland. Ah ! it is an interesting story ; it is as if in our own times of greatest trouble two of our best friends were leaving us. One of those gentlemen was the high-minded Oliver Cromwell ! The bystanders that looked upon the emigrants observed him to be a man of grave and solemn countenance. He was of few words ; occasionally, only, he and his companion were in close conversation. His attire attracted some notice. He wore a broad-brim hat ; not, certainly, as a religious act, like a Father Ignatius, for such hats were common in the more sequestered counties of England. His stockings, too, folded over heavily at the knees, were of a substance that would seldom, if ever, come under the influence of a darn. His eye was decided. Never did a broad leaf cover a more determined visage : seldom were doubts upon it. His entire make was stalwart. His manners with his companion were easy, subdued, calm. The other gentleman was his illustrious kinsman, *John Hampden*.

What opinion was entertained of him by the best men of his time we learn from Baxter. "That eminent person," remarks the author of the papers in the *Edinburgh Review*, "eminent not only for his piety and his fervid devotional eloquence, but for his moderation, his knowledge of political affairs, and his skill in judging of characters, declared, in the 'Saints' Rest,' that one of the pleasures which he hoped to enjoy in Heaven was the society of Hampden." In the editions printed after the Restoration the name of Hampden was omitted. "But I must tell the reader," says Baxter, "that I did blot it out not as changing my opinion." A friend of the pious Baxter also declared, "If I might choose the person I might be in the world I would be John Hampden." Tired of the harassing condition of the nation, these two kinsmen, like peaceful, honest, Christian men, were about to retire from their country, and end their days in the far-off wilderness of Connecticut. But, strange to say, they were prevented. CHARLES in his folly, hearing of their design, refused them emigration. It was a hard case: fearing persecution in one city, they were about to flee to another, according to the dictates of a Word they mutually loved. It was no small trial for high-minded men who had made, in a peaceful, legal manner, all needful arrangements for a departure, to be summarily prevented by the common officers of the city, and that in open day; but thus Charles would have it. Charles, did I say?—more than Charles was here. Had they gone, humanly speaking, our laws, our liberties, and our religion would have perished in England. Better, far better,

had it been for Charles had they gone, but not better for England, not better for us. Charles intended no good. This is the way of Providence. "He can turn the nature and tendencies of things contrary to themselves, and out of things the most perverse and intractable, he can bring forth the very opposite. It is his prerogative to bend sin, and devils themselves, into his service. In this respect how true it is, that 'out of the eater' he can bring forth meat! Little, indeed, can the myriads of insects that rear up those stupendous coral palaces from the depths of ocean, think that they are preparing fields for the luxuries of tropical climes and habitations for men. Little do the insects that feed on the mulberry-leaves think, when they are wrapping themselves up in the soft silken shroud that has been spun out of their own bowels, that they are preparing gay raiment for multitudes in every land. Little did Cyrus of old think, when he came along the tide of conquest to great Babylon, that he was led by the hand of God to fulfil ancient prophecies, and realise the visions of Isaiah. Little did Alexander think, when he subverted the thrones of the East, that he was only following the course that had been chalked out to him ages before, and thus verifying the inspired oracles of Daniel. Little did the Romans think, in their career of ambition and conquest, breaking down one kingdom after another, till the whole earth became one country and empire—highways being formed through all the ruggedness of earth, and doors of access opened up into the heads and hearts of previously lawless and untamed hordes—little did they think that they were

all the while only preparing a way for the advent of the Prince of peace, and the rapid diffusion of the Gospel in all lands.”*

Thus was it with the unhappy Charles. God had other work for Oliver Cromwell. Any other hand could lift the axe or the hammer on the hitherto unbroken solitudes of the West. The ark containing all that was goodly and precious in Britain was being lost among the breakers of an angry nation. Only one hand was destined to seize the helm, and steer through the desolation to an asylum of rest. Let this fact, then, of emigration, be borne in mind. Let it be graven on your memories that Oliver Cromwell sought not the rule of England, but rather that England sought him.

And now our field must widen. Under any circumstances life is responsible and solemn. It is momentous in all its influences ; it is eternal in its issues and dependencies. None should lightly esteem it ; none can over-estimate it. Its worth can be counted by no vulgar cost. Well has this been put by our American bard :—

“ Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

“ Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken to the soul.

* Dr. Duff.

“ Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther on our way.”

This is true of *ordinary* life, it is more especially so of that amazing life which now opens to our view. To have lived at all in the first half of the seventeenth century was a serious matter, but to have lived the life of Oliver Cromwell—the conception is overwhelming. Thrown back on his country, despite his own intentions, he found himself in the midst of labour and sorrow.

Let us, however, turn aside for a moment and survey the scene. England is like one dreadful sea, rolling to and fro in darkest commotion. The shattered vessel of liberty and religion is seen, now with the billows breaking over her, and now suffering tremendous loss. Every moment is forcing a breach ; on peaceful grounds we see no hope of relief. Oliver saw none. Sent home to his own reflections—deep ones some of them—he ponders over affairs. Loud voices from Scripture, it is said, came into his soul. “ Watchman, what of the night ? Morning cometh : also the night.” “ Night ” first, said Oliver : all dark, all gloomy. Yes, the night *first* ; a fearful one, too. The clouds everywhere portend blackness. The King and his Cabinet are evidently determined on the overthrow of the nation ; the Queen is an avowed Roman Catholic. The godly Protestants are being mutilated in open day, or are dying in remote dungeons. Preaching is no longer safe ; and as for preachers, the laws are no more a protection.

Then the Star-Chamber, the Tower, the executions, dark chapters concerning these come to him through the daily press. They fill his soul with horror. "These sheep," said he, "what have they done?—and what am I better than they? *My* turn next." The countenances, the prayers, the holy lives and powerful preaching of some who were doomed to a public mutilation crowded on his imagination, and filled him with bitterness and grief. The Parliament, too, had lost all control; the King and the Star-Chamber were supreme. This, said he, is but the beginning of the end. If all this be done in the green tree, what will not be done in the dry? What, when the man at Rome is about to supply foreign princes with means to sustain an army intended to subdue and recover England? These and a thousand other thoughts gained a complete mastery over him, and so oppressed his great soul as to lead him to resolve that to live, to labour, to sacrifice, and even to die for a better state of things, would be little enough. But these, you say, are assertions: you want evidence.

Consider, then, the case of the Puritans. Take the following brief but truthful statement:—"The Puritans were persecuted with cruelty worthy of the Holy Office, i. e. of the horrible Inquisition. They were forced to fly from their country; they were imprisoned; they were whipped; their ears were cut off; their noses were slit; their cheeks were branded with red hot iron. But the cruelty of the oppressors could not tire out the fortitude of the victims. The mutilated defenders of liberty again defied the vengeance of the Star-Chamber; came back with undi-

minished resolution to the place of their glorious infamy, and manfully presented the stumps of their ears to be grubbed out by the hangman's knife. . . . The hardy sect grew up and flourished in spite of everything that seemed likely to stunt it, struck its roots deep into a barren soil, and spread its branches wide to an inclement sky. The multitudes thronged around Prynne in the pillory with more respect than they paid to Mainwaring in the pulpit, and treasured up the rags which the blood of Burton had soaked, with a veneration such as mitres and surplices had ceased to inspire."* Laud had long since departed from the very profession of Protestant principles. Those who opposed him had their reward. "They were placed in the pillory, they were heavily fined; they were doomed to die. On one occasion, as the executioner was driving back the crowd, the martyr, foreseeing the evils that Charles would bring upon the people, interfered, exclaiming, "Let them come and spare not, that they may learn to suffer." Dr. Leighton, father of the Archbishop, had written "Zion's Plea." Think of the men that could dare to originate and determine the sentence which followed. He "was condemned to pay a fine of £10,000; to be set in the pillory at Westminster, and publicly whipped; to lose his ears, have his nostrils slit, and his cheeks branded with the letters S. S.—Sower of Sedition—a sentence which was executed in all its severity." "As Dr. Bastwick ascended the scaffold on

* Macaulay.

which he was to suffer mutilation, his wife rushed up to him, and kissed the ears he was about to lose. Upon her husband's exhorting her not to be frightened, she made answer : ' Farewell, my dearest, be of good comfort : I am nothing dismayed.' The surrounding crowd manifested their sympathy by loud acclamations.

" On descending from the scaffold he drew from his ear the sponge soaked with his blood, and, holding it up to the people, exclaimed : ' Blessed be my God, who hath counted me worthy, and of his mighty power hath enabled me to suffer anything for his sake ; and as I have now lost some of my blood, so I am ready and willing to spill every drop that is in my veins in this cause, for which I have now suffered : which is for maintaining the truth of God, and the honour of my King against Popish usurpations. Let God be glorified, and let the King live for ever.' ""*

Here were scenes well calculated to exasperate the nation. No words can convey any adequate ideas of the emotions, which, indeed, were irrepressible, in the more godly portion of the people. They knew and loved the sufferers ; they had sat under their ministry, had been converted under their preaching ; had oftentimes admired their courage and fidelity in denouncing the "superstitious mummeries" of the Papacy ; and had rejoiced in the holiness, consistency, and usefulness of their lives. How could *they* look on but with burning indignation ? Such scenes,

* Prynne, quoted by D'Aubigné, p. 52.

were they to occur now, would, we venture to assert, issue in another revolution. Conceive for a moment that the best men of your own city were doomed to similar torture. Dragged from their homes to the dungeons of our prisons, then placed a first and second time in a pillory, then exposed to the public with the blood still flowing from the amputation of their ears. They are once again brought forth for further humiliation. Their noses are slit; they are whipped; they are branded with red-hot iron: S. S. is burned deep into their flesh. You recognise the men; they are men whom you have revered and loved. The thousands who thronged their churches behold them with utter dismay. But when the hangman is seen grubbing out the stumps of their ears, the sight is unbearable; flesh and blood cannot endure so terrific a spectacle. The multitudes retire to pray, and plead for deliverance. But only a revolution can bring it. Oliver Cromwell knew this, and so also did the thousands who had stood by the mangled remains of the Puritan martyrs.

But who were the men thus cruelly treated? Were they rebels? Were *they* in league with foreign princes for the overthrow of England?—were they men whom their country could not tolerate? Verily no. They were men of whom the world was not worthy. What well-informed mind can think of them but with veneration and wonder? When I consider their fervent piety, their devotional eloquence, their life of labour, their calm endurance of suffering, their meetness for death and heaven, and withal their fidelity to truth even in their greatest torture, I am

filled with unearthly emotions. I say, with the great Milton—

“ Give me now my lyre !
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine ;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.”

“ The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging in general terms an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know Him, to serve Him, to enjoy Him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with Him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognised no title to superiority but his favour ; and confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers

of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands, their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language—nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest; who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed; for his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will, by the pen of the Evangelist and the harp of the Prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer, from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.”

Such were the men who endured this great fight of affliction against themselves. How they did it, we

may easily know. It was not of man. "The intensity of their feelings on the one subject of religion made them tranquil on every other."

It should never be forgotten that the war which the sufferings of the Puritans were in a measure instrumental in forcing upon England was, for the most part, a *religious* war. A religious war would naturally call out a class of men which any other war would leave uninterested. Men who, under other circumstances, would never dream of a sword, would rather die than outlive their liberties and religion. The terrible onslaught of the seventeenth century on both liberty and religion supplied a considerable element in the formation of that determined character, which soon began to show itself at St. Ives. "The terror of that great name" would never have been so palpable, had it not been for the terror of that great massacre, by which, in a large measure, his character was formed. In Oliver's invincible army, when engaged in achieving one of their tremendous victories, a voice might be heard—"No more massacre of the people of God." And with the death-blow of every sword might be uttered—"Our lives, our liberties, and the Gospel of Christ must be placed on a safe foundation." Rightly or wrongly, this was, doubtless, the case. Here, then, in this matter of the Puritans, is a great fact, which supplies an important point of observation from which we may the better understand the character of the man, who, in his seclusion, for a long time pondered the question—"What can be done to put an end to the infamy?"

Another thing to be noticed is *the conduct of Charles himself*. "Charles," remarks Macaulay, "bore no resemblance to his father. His talents for business were respectable, his demeanour kingly. But he was false, imperious, obstinate, narrow-minded, ignorant of the temper of his people, unobservant of the signs of the times ; the whole principle of his government was resistance to public opinion ; nor did he make any real concession to that opinion, till it mattered not whether he resisted or conceded—till the nation, which had long since ceased to love him or to trust him, had at last ceased to fear him." Charles was an unreasonable and unhappy prince. Even Clarendon cannot exonerate him. The light which discovers to us the goodness of the real Protestants of his kingdom, makes manifest the badness of their monarch. At the Restoration, Baxter dare not mention, in his "Saints' Rest," even the name of the pious Episcopalian, John Hampden, though he had no other opinion of him than that recorded in an earlier edition of that work, in which he had expressed the joy he anticipated in meeting him in heaven. Hence no *good thing* could be published of him or of others of a like faith and conduct. The spirit which prevented this freedom of opinion was equally at work in preventing the liberty of reflecting on Charles. The power which kept John Bunyan in Bedford gaol was set for a forcible defence of the entire policy pursued by the Stuarts. It is only now that the true light is beginning to shine either on the genuine Protestants of that age, on Oliver Cromwell or on Charles. Still it is evident that the Royalist

historian, Clarendon, is obliged to confess to the ill-advised policy of large portions of his administration. Guizot remarks, treating of this epoch :—" The time had now come when good and evil, salvation and peril, were so obscurely confounded and intermixed, that the firmest minds, incapable of disentangling them, had become mere instruments in the hand of Providence, who alternately chastised kings by their people, and people by their kings."

Wanting money, one of his first acts was to dissolve his Parliament, and in a most imperious way raise supplies simply on his own responsibility. This act was in direct violation of the constitution. Nearly one hundred gentlemen refused to comply, and were accordingly thrown into prison. The nation rose in terrible discontent. At length the King, to satisfy the people and get the money, called together a Parliament; in that Parliament of 1628, after many delays and much equivocation, the king gave his full and solemn consent to that celebrated instrument, the second great charter of the liberties of England, known by the name of "the Petition of Right." By agreeing to this act, the King bound himself to raise no taxes without the consent of Parliament, to imprison no man except by legal processes, to billet no more soldiers on the people, and to leave the cognizance of offenders to the ordinary tribunals.

All these conditions the King speedily violated. The Parliament met and remonstrated. The King, scorning the remonstrance, came down to the house and dissolved it. Many of the members were lodged in the Tower. Here was provocation which no peo-

ple, accustomed to constitutional liberty and self-respect, could endure. Even Clarendon, and the most devoted loyalists, gave up a prosperous issue as hopeless. "Ship money was now exacted with more rigour than ever. The mayor and sheriffs of London were prosecuted before the Star-Chamber for slackness in levying it. Wentworth, it is said, observed that things would never go right until all the aldermen were hanged." But this was not all; as the money did not come in, forced loans were extorted. The people, still constitutional in their acts, again called for a Parliament. They addressed petitions against this conduct of the government. "The petitioners, it was proposed, should be shot by martial law."

By these and various other means, "the debt of vengeance was swollen by all the usury which had been accumulating for years, and payment was at length made to be full." Among the many evils which put forth every energy for mastery and permanence, three only of their number require a mention to be abhorred:—the *Northern Council*, the *High Commission*, and the STAR-CHAMBER. These were enough to goad on the nation to the attitude of a terrible resentment, and "the time was now at hand when constitutional liberty was about to be won for all future ages." That Charles, in many things, may have received more blame than was his due, we readily admit, he certainly received more praise than his career could warrant. An evil spirit seemed to preside over all he did. Never had any prince fairer prospects, and never were prospects more criminally lost; and the fault rested not with

the nation but with himself. "That the fair prospects which had begun to open before the king were suddenly overcast, that his life was darkened by adversity, and at length shortened by violence, is to be attributed to his own faithlessness and contempt of law.

"The truth seems to be, that he detested both the parties into which the House of Commons was divided. Nor is this strange; for in both those parties the love of liberty and the love of order were mingled, though in different proportions. The advisers whom necessity had compelled Charles to call around him were by no means men after his own heart. They had joined in condemning his tyranny, in abridging his power, and in punishing his instruments. They were now indeed prepared to defend by strictly legal means his strictly legal prerogatives; but they would have recoiled with horror from the thought of reviving Wentworth's projects of Thorough. They were, therefore, in the King's opinion, traitors who differed only in the degree of their seditious malignity from Pym and Hampden.

"He accordingly, a few days after he had promised the chiefs of the constitutional royalists that no step of importance should be taken without their knowledge, formed a resolution the most momentous of his whole life, carefully concealed that resolution from them, and executed it in a manner which overwhelmed them with shame and dismay. He sent the Attorney-General to impeach Pym, Hollis, Hampden, and other members of the House of Commons of high treason at the bar of the House of Lords. Not content with this flagrant violation of the great char-

ter and of the uninterrupted practice of centuries, he went in person, accompanied by armed men, to seize the leaders of the opposition within the walls of Parliament.

“The attempt failed. The accused members had left the House a short time before Charles entered it. A sudden and violent revulsion of feeling, both in the Parliament and in the country, followed. The most favourable view that has ever been taken of the King’s conduct on this occasion by his most partial advocates is, that he had weakly suffered himself to be hurried into a gross indiscretion by the evil counsels of his wife and of his courtiers. But the general voice loudly charged him with far deeper guilt. At the very moment at which his subjects, after a long estrangement produced by his mal-administration, were returning to him with feelings of confidence and affection, he had aimed a deadly blow at all their dearest rights, at the privileges of Parliament, at the very principle of trial by jury. He had shown that he considered opposition to his arbitrary designs as a crime to be expiated only by blood. He had broken faith, not only with his great council and with his people, but with his own adherents. He had done what, but for an unforeseen accident, would probably have produced a bloody conflict round the Speaker’s chair. Those who had the chief sway in the Lower House now felt that not only their power and popularity, but their lands and their necks, were staked on the event of the struggle in which they were engaged.”*

* Macaulay.

A still farther fact must be borne in mind, in order to a right estimate of Oliver Cromwell, and the part which he took in the Revolution preceding the Commonwealth : it is *the leaning of the King towards the Papacy*.

The Church of Rome has been uniform in its determination to re-possess England. The determination, however, became more intense during the times of the Stuarts. Popery, ever grasping, now waxed bolder than ever in its deep-laid schemes of aggression. Every concession which England made, civilly, spiritually, or ecclesiastically, had the two-fold effect of weakening the cause of religion, and strengthening the cause of Rome. The principle of a considerable portion of the Puritan party was that of religious liberty and equality, in which party Oliver Cromwell ranked. But they never considered that *Rome* was entitled to such liberty or equality ; and for the plain reason that they viewed the Papacy as not simply a thing of religion. They knew that it held the sword as an undoubted tenet. They knew that it was a received doctrine that the Bishop of Rome might exterminate all heretics. This doctrine was more prominent than any other during several ages prior to the seventeenth century. It was avowed in the Bulls of the Popes ; it was recorded in the Canons of the Church ; it was ratified in the blood of a countless multitude of Protestant and Puritan martyrs. All history was loud in the testimony that the system, legitimately and fully carried out, was a dark instrument of torture to all who dared to think and act contrary to its own dogmas. Many Roman Ca-

tholics seek to cajole, stultify, and deceive their ignorant Protestant neighbours by a flat denial of this, but with how little reason is sufficiently evident.

None could cajole, stultify, or deceive Oliver Cromwell and the men of the Reformation doctrines in the seventeenth century. 'The system, they knew, may feign gentleness, meekness, humility, submission, and self-denial (even as it is now seeking to do in the cunning representations of Cardinal Wiseman); it had once and again come before the nation with the inoffensive bleatings of the lamb, but they knew it to be a ravening wolf. They knew that though the voice was the voice of Jacob, the hands were the hands of Esau. As well may a ravening wolf claim liberty, as the man whose system had already become drunk with the blood of the saints. In the reign of Elizabeth, and during the time of the Stuarts, the Church of England had become guilty of a cruelty towards Nonconformists worthy of Rome, but the "Petition of Right" is now a part of our constitution: the Revolution of 1688 gave it to England. But where is the "Petition of Right" in the constitution of the Papacy? It is now in England illegal to put a Nonconformist to death for his religion. According to the Popish system, taking its own laws as our guide, it is perfectly legal. This is a serious difference. It is all the difference to a man who values his liberty, his religion, his life. In this vast assembly are many Roman Catholics; let them understand that our abhorrence is not *of them* but of *their system*. Let them know that it is not of their system, in the meek form which it assumes under our

protective and restrictive laws, but the system *as it exists in history, and as it is in the Canons of their own Church*. Does any Romanist inquire what have we to do with such Canons? What?—why hear the Church:—“The Bishop of Rome is not bound by any decrees; *but he may compel, as well the clergy as the laymen, to receive his decrees and canon laws.*”*

Now of the entire system of the Papacy Oliver Cromwell had imbibed an enlightened abhorrence. It is said of Lord Nelson that in every encounter with the enemy he felt himself urged on to victory by a ball of glory which was ever suspended in his imagination. The idea of that mystic orb led him to brave the greatest danger, and inspired him with the greatest hope. It was this black ball of an intolerant and persecuting Papacy which was ever before Cromwell. From history and from conviction he had an utter hatred to its principles. His first speech in Parliament in 1628 was a masterly complaint, that as things were going in Church and State, the high road to preferment was by the preaching of what, in true Saxon language, he called *flat Popery*. Now it was during the first half of Oliver's lifetime that Rome made its master-effort to repossess England. Among the instruments employed we are compelled to place the first Charles. Little as the Stuarts were to be trusted with the civil liberties of the English people, they were, if possible, less so in regard to religion. The second Charles absolutely abjured what he called the heresy of his (Protestant) education, and pro-

* Cranmer's Extracts from Canon Laws.

fessed himself as reconciled to Rome. The first Charles was in doubtful correspondence with cardinals and Romish princes, and rallied for friendly alliance around the Pope himself. It was too evident by the best friends of the nation, that, both politically and religiously, he could not be trusted. "The vices of Charles had grown upon him. They were, indeed, vices which difficulties and perplexities generally bring out in the strongest light. Cunning is the natural defence of the weak. A prince, therefore, who is habitually a deceiver when at the height of power, is not likely to learn frankness in the midst of embarrassments and distresses. Charles was not only a most unscrupulous but a most unlucky dissembler. There never was a politician to whom so many frauds and falsehoods were brought home by undeniable evidence. He publicly recognised the Houses at Westminster as a legal Parliament, and, at the same time, made a private minute in council, declaring the recognition null. He publicly disclaimed all thought of calling in foreign aid against his people: he privately solicited aid from France, from Denmark, and from Lorraine. He publicly denied that he employed Papists: at the same time he privately sent to his generals directions to employ every Papist that would serve. He publicly took the sacrament at Oxford, as a pledge that he never would even connive at Popery: he privately assured his wife that he intended to tolerate Popery in England; and he authorised Lord Glamorgan to promise that Popery should be established in Ireland. Then he attempted to clear himself at his agent's expense. Glamorgan received, in the royal handwriting,

reprimands intended to be read by others, and eulogies which were to be seen only by himself. To such an extent, indeed, had insincerity now tainted the King's whole nature, that his most devoted friends could not refrain from complaining to each other, with bitter grief and shame, of his crooked politics. His defeats, they said, gave them less pain than his intrigues."*

Thus crooked was the policy of Charles. Little else could be expected from him, surrounded as he was by avowed Roman Catholics. He had given to England a Papist Queen, in the person of Henrietta of France. Twelve priests, a Mother Magdalene, a Carmelite nun, all under a father superior, came over with the Queen. They were followed by twelve friars. Many Roman Catholics, moreover, were zealous in the Queen's cabinet. The King did not actually join the Church of Rome ; but the facts were remarkable, that whilst every kind of liberty and favour was being shown to the members of that communion, the Star-Chamber, the pillory, and kindred evils, were unceasingly at work, harassing and reducing the best friends of the Reformation.

Moreover, many proofs might be adduced to show that the *King and his court were secretly encouraging the dreadful massacre of the Protestants in Ireland.*

In that country, writes a great historian (Guizot), "the Protestants were attacked unawares, ejected from their houses, hunted down, slaughtered, exposed to all the perils, all the tortures that religious and

* Macaulay.

patriotic hatred could invent. . . . A half-savage people, passionately attached to its barbarism, eager to avenge in a day ages of outrage and misery, with a proud joy committed excesses which struck their ancient masters with horror and dismay."

"In fact, the Catholics burned the houses of the Protestants, turned them out naked in the midst of winter, and drove them, like herds of swine, before them. If, ashamed of their nudity, and desirous of seeking shelter from the rigour of a remarkably severe season, these unhappy wretches took refuge in a barn, and concealed themselves under the straw, the rebels instantly set fire to it, and burned them alive. At other times, they were led without clothing to be drowned in rivers; and if, on the road, they did not move quick enough, they were urged forward at the point of the pike. When they reached the river or the sea, they were precipitated into it in bands of several hundreds, which is doubtless an exaggeration. If these poor wretches rose to the surface of the water, men were stationed along the brink to plunge them in again with the butts of their muskets, or to fire at and kill them. Husbands were cut to pieces in presence of their wives; wives and virgins were abused in the sight of their nearest relations; and infants of seven or eight years were hung before the eyes of their parents. Nay, the Irish even went so far as to teach their own children to strip and kill the children of the English, and dash out their brains against the stones. Numbers of Protestants were buried alive, as many as seventy in one trench. An Irish priest, named Mac Odeghan, captured forty or fifty Protes-

tants, and persuaded them to abjure their religion on a promise of quarter. After their abjuration, he asked them if they believed that Christ was bodily present in the host, and that the Pope was the head of the Church? and on their replying in the affirmative, he said, ‘Now, then, you are in a very good faith;’ and, for fear they should relapse into heresy, cut all their throats.”*

“I have heard it credibly reported,” says John Cooke, of Gray’s Inn, barrister (see Ludlow’s papers), “that the King should say that nothing more troubled him, but that there was not as much Protestant blood running in England and Scotland as in Ireland. And when that horrid rebellion began to break forth, how did the Papists here triumph and boast that they hoped, ere long, to see London streets run down in blood. And yet I do not think that the King was a Papist, or that he designed to introduce the Pope’s supremacy in spiritual things in this kingdom. But thus it was; a Jesuitical party at court was too prevalent in his councils, and some mongrel Protestants that less hated the Papists than the Puritans, by the Queen’s mediation, joined all together to destroy the Puritans.” How much Protestant blood was running in Ireland at this time is difficult to say. Among the dozen historians who have written on the subject, the number massacred varies from 50,000 to 250,000. Carlyle calls this massacre “a black, unutterable blot.” As we shall presently see, only the terror of Cromwell could stay this horrible

* Sir J. Temple, *Irish Rebellion*, p. 109. London, 1646.

onslaught. Why the unfortunate Charles connived at it may appear evident from the fact, that the Protestant interest of the nation was the breakwater to the tide of the ill-determined policy of the Stuarts : and to remove that obstacle, the aid of Rome was required. Ireland was to do her part in Ireland, and then cross the channel into England, where a complete extermination was contemplated. Both sides of St. George's Channel were already red with the blood of Protestants.

Equally ominous of coming events was a letter found on its way to Dover. It preshadowed "a black unutterable blot" for England. Cromwell and Ireton found the letter concealed in the saddle, on which a special messenger was proceeding on his journey. They retired to read it ; it was a letter from Charles to his queen. "I understand," he says, "my position. Be quite easy as to the concessions I may make. When the time comes I shall know how to deal with them. Instead of a silken garter (which, to carry his point, he had deceitfully promised), I will treat them with a hempen halter." The substance of the letter was well understood by Cromwell. The King will promise a *garter*, he is determined on a *rope*. He will *concede*, but only with a view to *destroy*. Had he carried his plan, all England would have been as Ireland. That he was in direct correspondence with the Irish for the subjugation and destruction of the English and Irish Protestants of this land, is evident from the following "*Copy of Commission produced by the Irish for justification of their rebellion :—*

“ Charles, by the grace of God King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all our Catholic subjects within our kingdom of Ireland, greeting. Know ye, that we, for the safeguard and preservation of our person, have been enforced to make our abode and residence in our kingdom of Scotland for a long season, occasioned by the obstinate and disobedient carriage of our parliament in England against us, who have not only presumed to take upon them the government, and disposing of those princely rights and prerogatives that have justly descended upon us from our predecessors, both kings and queens of the said kingdom, for many hundred years past, but also have possessed themselves of the whole strength of the said kingdom, in appointing governors, commanders, and officers in all parts and places therein, at their own will and pleasure, without our consent ; whereby we are deprived of our sovereignty, and left naked without defence. And forasmuch as we are in ourself very sensible that these storms blow aloft, and are very likely to be carried, by the vehemency of the Puritan party, into our kingdom of Ireland, and endanger our regal power and authority there also ; know ye, therefore, that we, reposing much care and trust in your duty and obedience, which we have for many years past found, do hereby give unto you full power and authority to assemble and meet together with all the speed and diligence that a business of so great consequence doth require, and to advise and consult together by sufficient and discreet numbers, at all times, days, and places, which you shall in your judgments

hold most convenient and material, for the ordering, settling, and effecting of this great work (mentioned and directed unto you in our letters) ; and to use all politic ways and means possible to possess yourselves (for our use and service) of all the forts, castles, and places of strength and defence within the said kingdom (except the places, persons, and estates of our loyal and loving subjects the Scots) ; and also to arrest and seize the goods, estates, and persons of all the English Protestants within the said kingdom, to our use. And in your care and speedy performance of this our will and pleasure, we shall perceive your wonted duty and allegiance to us, which we shall accept and reward in due time. Witness ourself, at Edinburgh, the first day of October, in the seventeenth year of our reign.”

That in some sort Charles was in league with the Pope himself there can be no reasonable doubt. Mediatly or immediately he was buying the aid of that ambitious power at the expense of all that was valuable in our constitution, civilly as well as religiously. The following letter is found in the works of the Roman Catholic historian, Lingard. The writer, Glamorgan, says :—“ One army of 10,000 men was to have come out of Ireland, through North Wales ; another, of a like number at least, under my command-in-chief, have expected my return in South Wales, which Sir Henry Gage was to have commanded as lieutenant-general ; and a third should have consisted of a matter of 6000 men, 2000 of which were to have been Liegeois, commanded by Sir Francis Edmonds ; 2000 Lorrainers, to have been commanded by Colonel

Browne; and 2000 of such French, English, Scots, and Irish, as could be drawn out of Flanders and Holland. . . . The maintenance of this army of foreigners was to have come from the Pope and such Catholic princes as he should have drawn into it, having engaged to afford and procure £30,000 a-month; out of which the foreign army was first to be provided for, and the remainder to be divided among the other armies. And for this purpose had I power to treat with the Pope and Catholic princes, with particular advantages promised to Catholics for the quiet enjoying their religion, without the penalties which the statutes in force had power to inflict upon them. And my instructions for this purpose, and my powers to treat and conclude thereupon, were signed by the King under his pocket-signet, with blanks for me to put in the names of Pope or princes, to the end the King might have a starting-hole to deny the having given me such commissions, if excepted against by his own subjects; leaving me as it were at stake, who, for his Majesty's sake, was willing to undergo it, trusting to his word alone."

Now place yourselves in the midst of this eventful age. Imagine your country thus circumstanced. Conceive that foreign princes are under the pay of Rome with a view of subduing and repossessing England. Laws, liberties, and religion are of little worth if that power gains the ascendancy. The wolf was upon the fold with a vengeance. The time was now come for the man who had cursed Elizabeth, who had warmed his hands at the fire which had burned John Huss; who had illuminated the Castle of St. Angelo

for very joy when the faggots were blazing at Smithfield, Oxford, and Winchester, where Protestant flesh and blood melted like wax in the furnace. The time, too, was come for the friends of liberty—the die is cast. It is evident that the Protestant interest must be victorious against this foe, or perish. With that event liberty would expire; religion itself, the religion of the Bible, would, so far as England was concerned, become extinct. In this responsible epoch are life and death. We feel that our own lives and liberties are deeply interested. Do you not, then, long for deliverance? Do you not as it were pray to the God of Heaven for a deliverer? Without a deliverance England must become a huge Golgotha of Protestants; the favoured isle of the Reformation must become an *island grave*, with its head at one sea and its foot on the other; whilst on its gloomy stone would be chiselled the terrible inscription, “*Here lie the Puritans. Here lie the followers of Howe, of Owen, and Baxter. Here lie the followers of John Calvin and John Knox. Here lie the followers of Cranmer, of Ridley, and of Latimer. Here, too, lie the followers of George Fox and William Penn.*”

Alongside this grave of religion is another grave, extending also from shore to shore. It is *the grave of Liberty*, bearing this terrible inscription:—“Here lie the followers of John Hampden. Here lie the followers of John Milton. Here lie the followers of Oliver Cromwell.”

But is England thus the grave of religion? Is she the grave of liberty? Is she not rather the fount, the island-fount of both? Long, long may she so

continue! We and our time-honoured fathers have tasted of its sweets. We, their sons, cannot, will not live without it. Let us hand it down amended to the generations to come! Let nothing prevent or pollute its flow! But to whom are we indebted? To whom? You anticipate the man. I answer in one word. *We are indebted, under Providence, to the much-abused, the much-maligned, the much-misunderstood, but terrible and triumphant name of OLIVER CROMWELL!* All honour, then, to his name! All honour to the man who stood forth in this greatest epoch of our history; and who saved his country from this twofold destruction. It is more than due to him; and this metropolitan assembly will not fail to repeal the judgment of the past, and declare that the falsehoods of two hundred years have done their work.

“ Truth crushed to earth will rise again—

The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers.”*

Let us now look at the part which Oliver Cromwell took in this eventful struggle. Bred to peaceful occupations he had, at more than forty years of age, accepted a commission to serve for his country. “On the 7th of February, Cromwell contributed £300, a large sum for his small fortune, towards the salvation of Protestantism and of England. He then joined the Parliamentary army with his two sons, respectively twenty and sixteen years of age; and shortly after

* Bryant.

raised two companies of volunteers at Cambridge. The departure of his sons Oliver and Richard must have caused great sorrow in the peaceful abode of the Huntingdon farmer. With difficulty could these young men tear themselves from the embraces of their mother and of their sisters. But the hour was come when their country called for the greatest sacrifices. All must now be prepared either to stretch their necks to the sword, or to bow them beneath the yoke of the Pope. Cromwell's domestic society was a pleasing one. He had a wife whom he loved most tenderly; his good mother was still living; he had passed the age of ambition; yet he became a soldier. 'You have had my money: I hope in God I desire to venture my skin. So do mine,' said he, with noble simplicity, on a later occasion. For the space of seventeen years, from this day until that of his death, all his thoughts, however well or ill conceived, were for Protestantism and for the liberty of his fellow-citizens.

"It is from this moral point of view that we must study Cromwell; this was his ruling principle; and this alone explains his whole life.

"Can we look upon the departure of the Huntingdon volunteer as an insignificant event?

"There was a great work to be accomplished: no less than the settlement of England upon its double foundations of Protestantism and liberty; for on these depended her future destinies."*

No sooner had he become a soldier than he saw it

* D'Aubigné.

necessary to re-construct the forces. It was necessary to look for recruits of decent station and grave character, fearing God, and zealous for public liberty. He then "made haste to organise the whole army on the same principles on which he had organised his own regiment." Such an army the world has seldom seen. Their personal qualities and their great success render them a remarkable spectacle in British history. Take the following graphic description :—

"The army which now became supreme in the state was an army very different from any that has since been seen among us. At present the pay of the common soldier is not such as can seduce any but the humblest class of English labourers from their calling. A barrier almost impassable separates him from the commissioned officer. The great majority of those who rise high in the service rise by purchase. So numerous and extensive are the remote dependencies of England, that every man who enlists in the line must expect to pass many years in exile, and some years in climates unfavourable to the health and vigour of the European race. The army of the Long Parliament was raised for home service. The pay of the private soldier was much above the wages earned by the great body of the people; and, if he distinguished himself by intelligence and courage, he might hope to attain high commands. The ranks were accordingly composed of persons superior in station and education to the multitude. These persons,—sober, moral, diligent, and accustomed to reflect,—had been induced to take up arms, not by the pressure of want, not by the love of novelty and license, not by the arts of re-

cruiting officers, but by religious and political zeal, mingled with the desire of distinction and promotion. The boast of the soldiers, as we find it recorded in their solemn resolutions, was, that they had not been forced into the service, nor had enlisted chiefly for the sake of lucre ; that they were no janissaries, but *free-born Englishmen*, who had, *of their own accord*, put their lives in jeopardy *for the liberties and religion of England, and whose right and duty it was to watch over the welfare of the nation which they had saved.*

“ A force *thus composed* might, without injury to its efficiency, be *indulged in some liberties* which, if allowed to any other troops, would have *proved subversive of all discipline.* In general, soldiers who should form themselves into political clubs, elect delegates, and pass resolutions on high questions of state, would soon break loose from all control, would cease to form an army, and would become the worst and most dangerous of mobs. Nor would it be safe, in our time, to tolerate in any regiment religious meetings, at which a corporal versed in Scripture should lead the devotions of his less gifted colonel and admonish a backsliding major. But such was the intelligence, the gravity, and the self-command of the warriors whom Cromwell had trained, that in their camp a political organisation and a religious organisation could exist without destroying military organisation. The same men who, off duty, were noted as demagogues and field preachers, were distinguished by steadiness, by the spirit of order, and by prompt obedience on watch, on drill, and on the field of battle.

“ In war this strange force was irresistible. The stubborn courage characteristic of the English people was, by the system of Cromwell, at once regulated and stimulated. Other leaders have maintained order as strict ; other leaders have inspired their followers with a zeal as ardent. But in his camp alone the most rigid discipline was found in company with the fiercest enthusiasm. His troops moved to victory with the precision of machines, while burning with the wildest fanaticism of crusaders. From the time when the army was remodelled to the time when it was disbanded, it never found, either in the British islands, or on the Continent, an enemy who could stand its onset. In England, Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, the Puritan warriors, often surrounded by difficulties, sometimes contending against threefold odds, not only never failed to conquer, but never failed to destroy and break in pieces whatever force was opposed to them. They at length came to regard the day of battle as a day of certain triumph, and marched against the most renowned battalions of Europe with disdainful confidence. Turenne was startled by the shout of stern exultation with which his English allies advanced to the combat, and expressed the delight of a true soldier when he learned that it was ever the fashion of Cromwell's pikemen to rejoice greatly when they beheld the enemy ; and the banished Cavaliers felt an emotion of national pride, when they saw a brigade of their countrymen, outnumbered by foes and abandoned by allies, drive before it in headlong rout the finest infantry of Spain, and force a passage into a counter-

scarp which had just been pronounced impregnable by the ablest of the marshals of France.

“But that which chiefly distinguished the army of Cromwell from other armies was *the austere morality and fear of God which pervaded all ranks*. It is acknowledged by the most zealous royalists that, in that singular camp, no oath was heard, no drunkenness or gambling was seen, and that, during the long dominion of the soldiery, the property of the peaceable citizen and the honour of woman were held sacred. If outrages were committed, they were outrages of a very different kind from those of which a victorious army is generally guilty. No servant girl complained of the rough gallantry of the redcoats. Not an ounce of plate was taken from the shops of the goldsmiths. But a Pelagian sermon, or a window on which the Virgin and Child were painted, produced in the Puritan ranks an excitement which it required the utmost exertions of the officers to quell.”*

No Christian can look on war with feelings of approbation and complacency. The present dispensation is one of peace. The New Testament forbids the principle of “eye for eye, and tooth for tooth.” Yet, as we have intimated, were a religious war now to break out in which liberty and our Protestant faith were likely to suffer a defeat, and in which the lives of our most godly Protestants would be placed in imminent danger, it would be hard indeed to prevent many a person, now holding and preaching “peace principles,” from aiding, abetting, secluding, and

* Macaulay.

even joining such as were engaged in the conflict. There are Christian ministers who would take the sword. There are men, like Oliver Cromwell, at forty years of age, now cultivating their fields, or secluded in homes of domestic bliss, who would start as by a sort of irrepressible conviction into the midst of the fight. It is scarcely human for a man to see his people and his principles perishing by the weapons of a foe panting for a religious ascendancy, such as the Church of Rome has never yet possessed but in order to persecute, without any attempt at prevention. Men would pray to the God of Heaven for help. They would sink or swim with the ark of liberty. They would employ means. They would, perhaps, like Oliver Cromwell, seek at first a peaceful retirement from a land that denied them their rights. But if compelled like him to remain, they would resist, conquer, or die. Rightly or wrongly, all this they would do. Thus circumstanced was Oliver Cromwell in the midst of the religious war of the seventeenth century. He could pray on the eve of the most momentous onslaught. Before the horrible conflict at Dunbar, his entire army—the invincible *ironsides*—laid every man his sword on the hether, pressed his knee on the solid earth, and with a calm, determined heart, called upon God to defend and prosper his cause. Then, standing erect, a myriad swords moved for blood. Three thousand of the enemy were slain. On the eve of this slaughter many an earnest prayer was ejaculated, and many an aspiration uttered which foretold a terrible foundation laid for the demands of the dreadful encounter. Here

and there in solemn, earnest, tones was heard the well-known martial psalm, which, indeed, had often floated far and wide over the dread scene of preparation :—

“ Let God arise, and scattered
Let all his enemies be ;
And let all those that do him hate
Before his presence flee.”

And now the opposing forces having been mowed down in slaughter, or “driven as chaff before the wind,” another psalm is sung. It is a strange sequel to the noise, and din, and desolation of the field. Oliver and his lion-hearted multitude, with some brave men missing, draw up, for a moment’s pause, ere they pursue the vanquished, at the foot of the Doon Hill. There they sing the hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm, old version :—

“ O give ye thanks unto the Lord
All nations that be,
Likewise ye people all accord,
His name to magnify.”

From the blue waters of the German Ocean, along the shore, and for miles in an inland direction, were the voices of this multitude heard. Like the voice of many waters, one mighty volume of sound is sent forth as from an unfailing orchestra, and rolled in strength and majesty along the heavens and the earth. Terrible, beyond conception, was the issue of this encounter. Besides the dead, ten thousand men were taken prisoners. In all this, we may here

mention, Oliver Cromwell deemed he was saving religion and serving the nation. With our ideas of the blessed character of the dispensation under which we live, we can scarcely imagine a genuine believer in Christ thus circumstanced. Christ in the heart and the sword in the life, appear to us altogether incompatible the one with the other. Yet whoever keeps in his dwelling a weapon of destruction, whereby in a night of dark need he may preserve his life, is manifesting a like inconsistency. To use the sword at all is to adopt the principle of this great soldier. The most renowned believers in the old dispensation were men of blood. Moses was a soldier. Joshua was amazingly gifted with the power of slaughter. David was an invincible general, as well as king to the Commonwealth of Israel. Saul had slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands. The fact of an individual being a believer, and holding the sword, cannot be doubted. The fact remains though the dispensation is gone. Oliver Cromwell constantly adverted to the fact. He never, we think, thought of the dispensation. His study of David was complete. Often did he utter his language in the closet and in the field, as if he had obtained from God an equal commission with that of David or Joshua for the shedding of blood. What mind has not wondered at the warlike descriptions of the Old Testament Scriptures. Here is the song of Deborah, which not only appears beautiful but natural. How does she triumph in the slaughter of the enemy! How does she chide those who joined not the hosts of the Lord! "*Why abodest thou among the sheepfolds to hear*

the *bleatings of the flock*?" How does she deprecate those who were altogether neutral? "Curse ye Meroz, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." How does she celebrate the praise of those who *did* undertake the salvation of her people? "My heart is among the governors of Israel, that offered themselves willingly among the people. Bless ye the Lord." How does she exult in this deliverance as a pattern of all future triumphs? "So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord, but let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."—*See Judges, v.*

All this, however, is only natural and right when viewed, as we have said, in relation to the *past dispensation*. But the kingdom of the Lord Jesus is *not of this world*. That Oliver Cromwell may not have fully understood this is no proof that he was no believer in the Lord Jesus himself, but a hypocrite. Yet do multitudes thus decide when they inquire, how could a man, so desperate in blood, by any possibility be a Christian?

The following letter from Oliver, written in the midst of these engagements, will manifest the sort of Christian feeling which he was enabled to preserve. It manifests his love to the Lord, and his readiness to suffer for his poor despised people; and this, too, when his strong frame had become shaken by what appeared to him to have been "the sentence of death:"—

"London, 7th March, 1647.

"SIR,—It hath pleased God to raise me out of a dangerous sickness; and I do most willingly acknow-

ledge that the Lord hath, in this visitation, exercised the bowels of a Father towards me. I received in myself the sentence of death, that I might learn to trust in Him that raiseth from the dead, and have no confidence in the flesh. It's a blessed thing to die daily. For what is there in this world to be accounted of! The best men, according to the flesh and things, are lighter than vanity. I find this only good, to love the Lord and his poor despised people; to do for them, and to be ready to suffer with them: and he that is found worthy of this hath obtained great favour from the Lord; and he that is established in this shall (being confirmed to Christ and the rest of the Body) participate in the glory of a Resurrection which will answer all.

“Sir, I must thankfully confess your favour in your last letter. I see I am not forgotten; and truly to be kept in your remembrance is very great satisfaction to me; for I can say in the simplicity of my heart, I put a high and true value upon your love, which when I forget, I shall cease to be a grateful and an honest man.

“I most humbly beg my service may be presented to your lady, to whom I wish all happiness, and establishment in the truth. Sir, my prayers are for you, as becomes

“Your Excellency's most humble servant,

“OLIVER CROMWELL.”

And now take a brief anecdote, which may tend farther to show the presence of mind and steady will of this great soldier. It is of Hibernian interest.

In Ireland, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, from the Bay of Kingstown to the Cape of Connemara, there is an old saying, prevalent as a household word, but the origin of which is seldom known. The incident with which that saying originated occurred just as Oliver and his army had arrived at the border of one of our towns in the south. Many Protestants had perished there, and they had come to stay the farther shedding of blood. Not knowing, as yet, the stern Saxon stuff of which the new-comer was made, the leader of the rebel forces, General Flanigan, forwarded to him, by special messenger, a hastily-written paper, by which he told Cromwell that unless he and his army were withdrawn from their present quarters, within the space of three hours, he would open his guns upon them. Oliver read the paper, looked round upon his *ironsides*, a brave, well-conditioned army, who had come to put this kingdom of Ireland into what it very much needed, and, indeed, has needed almost ever since—a *better condition*. He then took his pen, and with characteristic calmness, promptitude, and courage, wrote on the back of the same paper, the very brief, but significant words, every one of which was like a "chain-shot" on the rebels:—"FIRE AWAY, FLANIGAN.—Yours, OLIVER CROMWELL." "Take *that* to your general," said Oliver to the messenger. Meanwhile he moved a little nearer the town. Such a note was unmistakeably plain, and long enough for the purpose. It sent terror into the heart of Flanigan, as also in a brief time did the encounter which followed. His army, as may be supposed, became everywhere

victorious ; its onslaughts and its triumphs need not a recital. So vast was its success, that events which would suffice for centuries were crowded as it were into a day. The Queen fled. London arose in defiance of the extraordinary demands of Charles. The King fled. The nation is in the mid-hour of a mighty revolution. Oliver repeats his words—" *Night cometh, also the day ; night first, then the day.*" And now, perhaps, we have "the darkest moment which precedes the dawn ;" for just at this juncture news is circulated that an immense (foreign) army is about to rally round the fugitive Charles, and put a full end to the sectaries.

From this, and from numerous other causes, it appears plain to Cromwell and the Parliamentary army and to others, that to place the nation on a sound and peaceful basis there remains *but one alternative*. And now surely we have "the darkest moment which precedes the dawn." For the moment *was* DARK ! All capital punishments are naturally dark. They that are given to violent deeds regarding the lives of others usually meet with a violent end. They that use the sword (unjustly) will perish by the sword. We cannot but regret the melancholy event which terminated the life of Charles Stuart. Poor Charles ! who does not feel sad at the thought of his end ? And Cromwell, too, how do we regret that a career marked with so much goodness and greatness was shaded by so dark a scene as that which occurred opposite the banqueting-room at Whitehall ? As we have already said, no Christian can delight in blood. My own mind, as already intimated, is opposed to all capital punish-

ments. Yet have not men always so felt. The great Protestant Reformers never for a moment hesitated, in the reign of Edward VI., to behead Lord Seymour *without a legal conviction*. "The pious Cranmer voted for that act, the pious Latimer preached for it, the pious Edward returned thanks for it." Precious life, and the continuance of a man's head on his shoulders, did not in former days appear so sacred as now. Were Rome exercising its ancient power, my own head, perhaps, would be little worth for so free a discussion as the present. The Puritan party, under the stings of a resentful exasperation, impeached Strafford, and Laud, and many others. Strafford was sentenced to die. On Monday, 10th May, 1641, Charles signed the death-warrant of his minister, who was beheaded on the following morning. "Put not your trust in princes," exclaimed poor Strafford, raising his hands to heaven, when he was told of the part the King had taken in the deed. The Stuarts, after the Protector's death, exhumed 100 corpses; among them was Oliver, also his venerable mother, and many others of his connexions. Their mouldering bodies were hung on the three corners of the gallows at Tyburn. Such of his friends as were alive had their ears cut off, their noses slit, and their entrails taken out. It should be remembered that when Charles was beheaded Oliver was not Protector, he was an officer in the army. He did not singly demand the death of the King. He was one of sixty who signed the death-warrant: those sixty bowed to the voice of a multitude of others, who were aroused to demand a terrible retribution. Even such men as

Howe, Owen, and Baxter, felt that the nation could never be placed on a tranquil basis whilst Charles ruled on the throne. As to others, his death was a matter of simple equity and justice. It was only small satisfaction for all the blood which he himself had caused to be shed. They had no conscience; they felt no horror. On severing the head from the body the executioner calmly said, "This is the head of a traitor." And Cromwell sought the room where the body lay. Imagine the scene. It is night: London rests in repose after the excitement of a terrible day. The lifeless head of Charles has been adjusted to the corse, and is now lying in the midst of a room in Whitehall. Oliver folds back the sheet which hides the face of the dead. The guards observe that his hand is without trembling as he thus discloses "the calm and bloodless countenance of him whom he had faced in the council, on the battle-field, and at the judgment bar." They look significantly at each other. They mark the calm tranquillity of Cromwell—they mark him narrowly—and they see no doubt, no remorse, no misgiving depicted on his visage. "Three days of solemn prayer," it is said, preceded the event. In a similar exercise he departed the room.

To my own mind almost a cloudless glory had rested on the memory of the men who ruled the Commonwealth of England, had they sentenced Charles as no longer fit to govern a free nation, and had given him a home in some remote region of the globe, where his probationary career might have been occupied for his good, and where his end might have

come under circumstances more natural and more hopeful.

But the fact is evident, the interests of England were not safe in his hands. Wherever he had lived, near or remote, foreign princes, with a sovereign pontiff at their head, would have reassured his designs, and lent their aid in their full accomplishment. If wrong is to be attached to the men who would have destroyed the rule of Charles over England, so must wrong also be charged on William of glorious memory for expelling the miserable James. Weighed in the balance of our constitution they are found equally *wanting*. Nor is there a vast difference between the general policy pursued by the man of the Hague and the man of St. Ives. As to the question was it lawful to behead *a king*? There was a law of Henry VII., "That if a king shall kill a man, it is no felony to make him suffer death." There are, moreover, cases in old English law in which kings have been sued even in civil actions. The trial of Charles was by a high court of justice, which contained some of the most remarkable men in England, and sat through the long memorable month of January, 1649. Three times the unhappy Charles appears at the bar. Three times he treats them with disdain. He "smiles at them contemptuously, looks with austere countenance, and does not seem, until the very last, to have fairly believed that they would dare to sentence him. But they were men sufficiently provided with daring: men, we are bound to see, who sat there as in the presence of the Maker of all men, as executing the judgments of heaven above, and had not the fear of any man or

king on the earth below.”* The clerk, however, read the sentence. It convicted this ill-advised and ill-determined prince of “being attainted and condemned of high treason and other high crimes. To this conviction we add nothing. Concerning an opinion, however, after all that has been written, most men will *form their own*. The following are the remarks of D’Aubigné :—

“ We will not attempt to describe the death of the unhappy Charles. Whose heart would not be wrung by the contemplation of those mournful scenes? Our feelings revolt against the fanaticism which led a prince to the scaffold; we burn with indignation against those *feet swift to shed blood*; we desire to arrest the deadly axe, and spurn away the fatal block. And yet we cannot be blind to the conviction that the divorce between England and the Stuarts was inevitable—that it was the decree of God himself. Succeeding ages have branded the scaffold; but they have also ratified the solemn sentence.”

We now take a glance at Oliver Cromwell’s career subsequent to the overthrow of Charles. The death of the king marks the mid-hour of the revolution of 1649. The ten years which followed manifest the good or evil of that event. But few have ever inquired what were the evils it introduced? Yet when have revolutions appeared without bringing with them a sad amount of disaster and wrong? This event was brought about by means of the sword, as seized by multitudes unaccustomed to its use. May

* Carlyle.

we not naturally look for all those vices of a reactionary character usually attendant on revolutions ; and which, so woefully at the present, are bringing misery and ruin on that country which, in its third revolution, has driven the Bourbons from the throne of France and substituted a republic, as disgraceful in its actions as it is inadequate in its power. Why may not the Parliamentary army of 1649, with its million coadjutors among the people, fall back from the toils and dangers of their warfare into a disgraceful ease, or a still more disgraceful licentiousness, by which the evils of their lawless rule may be far greater than the evils which they have defeated ? Feeling no tenderness for the fallen, may not the conquerors, at their expense, satiate their thirst for a lawless grandeur and an inglorious supremacy ? Who can affirm that these debasing evils, usually attendant on such an epoch, had an existence in the revolution by Oliver Cromwell ? There was, in fact, under Providence, a mighty power at work controlling that revolution. Many reasons for the glorious fruits which grew out of the Commonwealth may be found in Cromwell himself, and many also in the people of England, who, at heart, were not a lawless but a religious people. Oliver Cromwell, from this period, may be looked upon as a great prince in England, ruling well the interest and destinies of a great Protestant dynasty. Virtually the three kingdoms bestowed upon him their crowns. The earlier portion of his rule made considerable demands on his sword. Fountains of blood were yet being opened in England and Ireland. In the latter country in par-

ticular, he had to use his own terrible weapon in order to stay the havoc made by the weapons of others. The credit of having stayed the shedding of much precious blood in Ireland is not sufficiently awarded to him. Passing over these sanguinary events, how glorious are the times which now opened upon England! Long, long had that remarkable country, in its pursuit after progress, been looking for a constitution, in the goodly soil of which the tree of liberty may strike deep its roots, and around whose steadfast stem, and beneath whose verdant branches the weary and the heavy-laden may find their rest; and where they may eat of that fruit of religion which should grow there for the healing and nourishment of the nation. The search and the expectation, however, were alike in vain. Progress, it is true, had often been made, but it was as often lost. Seldom can we look with much satisfaction on *that England* which preceded the Revolution of 1649. Until then, to change our illustration, our forefathers seem like the worn and weary pilgrims passing over a burning desert, to be ever and anon reaching forward to what, at first sight, appeared to be refreshing waters, but which invariably, in the issue, turned out to be only a *mirage*. We see a sort of hopelessness for ages settling on England. It gave way, however, during those ten wonderful years in which, under Cromwell, that country was supreme at home and abroad. During that period his aim was not of that low, secondary character which ignorance has so long attributed to him. To secure for the nation political rights only was not enough for him. Nor did he

seek his own. He might have worn the material crown, but for that honour he was in nowise ambitious. The great end which, in common with the illustrious Hampden and others, he had, in his seclusion at St. Ives, desired for England, is that which he steadily pursues now that he is at Whitehall. Oftentimes did he ask, "Why did I seek expatriation amidst the forests of distant Connecticut? Was it not because, at home, religion and liberty had been put to restraint and torture? It shall not be so now." Thus did he feel. Thus also felt the multitude of the Puritan worthies. Their aim was not merely to obtain a constitution or "privileges of Parliament," it was to see God's own law made good to England and the world.

In many respects the age of the Commonwealth was better for liberty and religion than our own. Never did so brief a time do so much for England; never so much for us. It strongly and favourably contrasts with those periods of our history which immediately preceded and followed. In it, the saying, so frequently on the mind of Oliver, of "*the morning cometh*," had been brought to pass, for now, in many important things, the morning had indeed come. Of the chief instrument in the production of this period our historian remarks, "Cromwell was emphatically a man. He possessed in an eminent degree that masculine and full-grown robustness of mind, that equally diffused intellectual health, which, if our national partiality does not mislead us, has peculiarly characterised the great men of England. Never was any ruler so conspicuously born for sovereignty. The

cup which has intoxicated almost all others, sobered him. His spirit, restless from its own buoyancy in a lower sphere, reposed in majestic placidity as soon as it had reached the level congenial to it. He had nothing in common with that large class of men who distinguish themselves in subordinate posts, and whose incapacity becomes obvious as soon as the public voice summons them to take the lead. Rapidly as his fortunes grew his mind expanded more rapidly still. Insignificant as a private citizen, he was a great general; he was a still greater prince. His administration was glorious, but with no vulgar glory. It was not one of those periods of overstrained and convulsive exertion which necessarily produce debility and languor. Its energy was natural, healthful, temperate. He placed England at the head of the Protestant interest, and in the first rank of Christian powers. He taught every nation to value her friendship and to dread her enmity. But he did not squander her resources in a vain attempt to invest her with that supremacy which no power, in the modern system of Europe, can safely effect or long retain. This noble and sober wisdom had its reward." Such was the administration. Such was the man. In keeping with his own goodness and greatness, were the men by whom he was surrounded. There were no monks, or friars, or father-superiors, or mother Magdalenes, or Carmelite nuns at Whitehall *now*. As well may light and darkness agree as such society and the men that surrounded the throne of the Protector. Around that throne stood the sublimest of uninspired men, John Milton, who was private secretary. Here also

stood those master-minds, Hall and Blake. Here too frequents the serene and majestic John Howè, who may be best known from the unearthly conceptions embodied in his "living temple." Here too was John Owen, a giant in learning and piety, and vice-chancellor of Oxford. Here too, as well as in the more retired services of the palace, was seen John Goodwin, who was a man after Cromwell's best affections, and who shed his serene light over the hour in which the great soul of the Protector departed to its rest. But time would fail to tell the names of those bright stars of the Commonwealth times, who shed their glorious lustre over England when almost all other lands were in a state of darkness and gloom. Ah favoured nation! Owen and Goodwin at the court, Bunyan and Baxter among the people. It is the golden age of England of which we speak. Take the following eulogium pronounced on the nation by a noble among the nobles:—

"Lords and Commons of England! consider what a nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are governors: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point—the highest—that human capacity can soar to. Yet that which is above all this—the favour and the love of Heaven—we have great argument to think, in a peculiar manner, propitious and propending towards us. Why else was this nation chosen before any other, that out of her, as out of Zion, should be proclaimed and sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of Reformation to all Europe? And had it not been the obstinate perverse-

ness of our (Romish) prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wickliffe, to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator; perhaps neither the Bohemian Huss nor Jerome; no! nor the name of Luther or of Calvin, had been ever known: the glory of reforming all our neighbours had been completely ours. Now, once again, by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to bring some new and great period in his Church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself; what does he, then, but reveal himself to his servants, and, as his manner is, first to his Englishmen? I say, as his manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of his counsels, and are unworthy. Behold, now, this vast city, a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection: the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice, in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their faculty, the approaching Reformation; others, as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies.”*

* Milton.

As illustrative of the great glory of Oliver Cromwell's administration, let us consider the following facts ; they are only a few out of a multitude which might be advanced :—

1. *England itself, under Cromwell, was in a high state of general prosperity.* Its domestic commerce prospered. Cromwell was the chief founder of our maritime greatness. The seas were swept of all obstruction, to an unprecedented freedom of trade. The merchants who had ordered the most costly goods from abroad, could rest in quiet and contentment until the appointed time for their expected arrival ; or, having shipped some of their most costly produce for distant lands, they could indulge in a well-grounded confidence that, at the appointed time, the needful equivalent would arrive. This wonderful confidence derived its chief strength from the fact, that the great name of Cromwell was a mighty safeguard to property both at home and abroad ; a very terror to all evil-doers as well on sea as on the land. *Learning prospered.* In illustration of this it will be enough to contemplate the state of Oxford under the vice-chancellorship of Dr. Owen. The following is from the works of that eminent man, as edited by Goold :—

“ In the midst of his multifarious public engagements, and the toils of a most ponderous authorship, Owen's thoughts had never been turned from the university, and his efforts for its improvement, encouraged by the Protector and his council, as well as by the co-operation of the heads of colleges, had been rewarded by a surprising prosperity. Few things, indeed, are more interesting than to look into the records of Oxford at this period, as they have been preserved

by Anthony Wood and others, and to mark the constellation of great names among its fellows and students; some of whom were already in the height of their renown, and others, with a strangely varied destiny awaiting them, were brightening into a fame which was to shed its lustre on the coming age. The presiding mind at this period was Owen himself, who from the combined influence of station and character, obtained from all around him willing deference; while associated with him in close friendship, in frequent conference, and learned research, which was gradually embodied in many folios, was Thomas Goodwin, the president of Magdalen College. Stephen Charnock had already carried many honours, and given token of that Saxon vigour of intellect and ripe devotion which were afterwards to take shape in his noble treatise on the 'Divine Attributes.' Dr. Pocock sat in the chair of Arabic, unrivalled as an Orientalist; and Dr. Seth Ward taught mathematics, already noted as an astronomer, and hereafter to be less honourably noted as so supple a time-server, that 'amid all the changes of the times he never broke his bones.' Robert Boyle had fled hither, seeking in its tranquil shades opportunity for undisturbed philosophic studies, and finding in all nature food for prayer; and one more tall and stately than the rest might be seen now amid the shady walks of Magdalen College, musing on the 'Blessedness of the Righteous,' and now in the recesses of its libraries, 'unsphering the spirit of Plato,' and amassing that learning, and excogitating that divine philosophy, which were soon to be transfigured and immortalized in his 'Living Temple.' Daniel Whitby, the acute

annotator on the New Testament, and the ablest champion of Arminianism, now adorned the roll of Oxford ; Christopher Wren, whose architectural genius has reared its own monument in the greatest of England's cathedrals ; William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, and one of the fathers of the gentlest and most benignant of all our Christian sects ; John Locke, the founder of the greatest school of English metaphysics, to whom was to belong the high honour of basing toleration on the principles of philosophy ; William South, the pulpit-satirist, whom we alternately admire for his brawny intellect and matchless style, and despise for their prostration to the lowest purposes of party ; Thomas Ken, the future bishop of Bath and Wells, whose holiness drew forth the willing homage of the Puritans, and whose conscientiousness as a nonjuror was long afterwards to be proved by his sufferings in the Tower ; Philip Henry, now passing to the little conference of praying students, and now receiving from Dr. Owen praises which only make him humbler, already delighting in those happy alliterations and fine conceits which were to be gathered from his lips by his admiring son, and embalmed in the transparent amber of that son's immortal commentary ; and Joseph Alleine, who, in his ' Alarm to the Unconverted,' was to produce a work which the Church of God will not willingly let die, and was to display the spirit of a martyr amid the approaching cruelties of the Restoration, and the deserted hearths and silent churches of St. Bartholomew's day."

In the seventeenth century, under Cromwell—

2. *There was liberty at home and abroad.*—Of the principles of equity and toleration which the Protector

had established in England, he became the great champion and defender in foreign lands. Few are the victims who ever came out of an Inquisition without confessing. An English subject, however, was confined in Madrid. A special messenger produced at its Holy Office a document from the Lord Protector of England demanding his liberty. There was no alternative save the planting of the English guns, and he was accordingly liberated. When, either before or since, were the victims of intolerance so befriended? More than once recently our own British subjects have been lying, unheeded by their Government, in the remote dungeons of Rome and Madrid, and that, too, *for their religion!* Tahiti, with its Protestant queen, was equally at the mercy of intriguing Jesuits. See the greatness, the nobleness, and the true kindness of Oliver Cromwell in his conduct towards the *poor persecuted Protestants of the valleys of Piedmont*. The following beautiful history is from the graphic pen of Mr. Wilson:—

“On the 3rd of June, 1655, the sad news reached England that the Protestants of Piedmont were subjected to the sternest persecutions by the Duke of Savoy, having no means of escape offered to them but the abandonment of their faith. Churches filled with the wretched fugitives were given to the flames. Whole families were put to the sword, or hunted down in the Savoy Alps like beasts of prey, and men, women, and children hurled over the cliffs. The most revolting atrocities were perpetrated on these sufferers for conscience sake by the soldiers who were sent to drive them into banishment, or compel them to apostatize by horrible tortures. Milton’s sonnet is known

to all. It only embodies the indignant feeling that prevailed throughout England, when the people learned of the sufferings of their Protestant brethren. Cromwell took up a position in which policy can hardly be said to have had a part. It was a noble and generous stand for the oppressed such as England will never cease to be proud of; such as may make every reader who remembers it was the act of a British ruler, proudly claim the affinity of a common country, and say, 'I, too, am a Briton!' Cromwell was moved to tears when he learned of the sufferings of the people of the valleys. He sent immediately the sum of £2000 from his own purse, to aid the poor exiles, and appointed a day of humiliation to be held throughout the kingdom, and a general collection to be made on their behalf. The people heartily responded to this call, and testified their sympathy with their oppressed brethren, by raising the sum of £40,000 for distribution among them.

"At this very time a treaty with France had been matured, after long and tedious negotiation. One demand after another had been conceded to Cromwell by Louis and his crafty adviser, the Cardinal Mazarin. Milton had conducted the negotiation to a successful issue, and the French ambassador waited with the treaty ready for signature, when Cromwell learned of the sufferings of the Vaudois. He forthwith despatched an ambassador on their behalf to the Court of Turin, and refused to sign the treaty with France till their wrongs were redressed. The French ambassador was astonished and indignant. He remonstrated with Cromwell, and urged that the question

bore no connexion with the terms of the treaty ; nor could his sovereign interfere on any plea with the subjects of an independent state. Mazarin took even bolder ground. He did not conceal his sympathy with the efforts of the Duke of Savoy to coerce these Protestant *rebels* ; declared his conviction that, in truth, ‘ the Vaudois had inflicted a hundred times worse cruelties on the Catholics than they had suffered from them ; ’ and altogether took up a very high and haughty position. Cromwell remained unmoved. New protestations met with no better reception. He told his Majesty of France, in reply to his assurances of the impossibility of his interfering, that he had already allowed his own troops to be employed as the tools of the persecutors ; which, though something very like giving his Christian Majesty the lie, was not without its effect. Cromwell would not move from the sacred duty he had assumed to himself, as the defender of the persecuted Protestants of Europe. The French ambassador applied for an audience to take his leave, and was made welcome to go. Louis and Mazarin had both to yield to his wishes, at last, and became the unwilling advocates of the *heretics of the Valleys*. On the interference of the King of France, the Duke of Savoy was forced to grant an amnesty to the Vaudois, and restore to them their ancient privileges. Many attempts were afterwards made to set at nought this treaty, but while Cromwell lived these persecuted descendants of the Waldenses—

“ ‘ Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp’d stocks and stones,’ ”

were never without a champion, ready, at every sacrifice, to turn aside from them the sword of the destroyer, and to protect the weak and defenceless remnant from the malevolence of their enemies. But the prejudiced narration of Clarendon may better illustrate the effect of Cromwell's policy on those who were incapable of appreciating the high principles that influenced his conduct, even than the impartial narrations of later historians. 'To reduce three nations,' says that historian, 'which perfectly hated him, to an entire obedience to all his dictates; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was undevoted to him and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. As they did all sacrifice their honour and their interests to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him. To manifest which there needs only an instance. It is that when those of the Valley of Lucerne had unwarily rebelled against the Duke of Savoy, which gave occasion to the Pope, and the neighbour princes of Italy, to call and solicit for their extirpation, and their prince positively resolved upon it. Cromwell sent his agent to the Duke of Savoy, a prince with whom he had no correspondence or commerce, and so engaged the Cardinal, and even terrified the Pope himself, without so much as doing any grace to the English Roman Catholics (nothing being more usual

than his saying, "that his ships in the Mediterranean should visit Civita Vecchia, and that the sound of his cannon should be heard in Rome"), that the Duke of Savoy thought it necessary to restore all he had taken from them, and did renew all those privileges they had formerly enjoyed, and newly forfeited.'"

3. *Ireland under Cromwell was fast recovering from its poverty and misery.*—It was just after the death of Charles that Oliver came over to Ireland, with a view to stay its bloody massacre. Little have the past generations known of the wisdom and liberality which marked his policy towards this country. His terrible sword, of two great evils, was surely the least. It was the salvation of what number of Protestants survived the bloody onslaught which progressed for nine years prior to Cromwell's visit. God had once and again appeared for poor Ireland. The remarkable means which He employed for the purpose of saving it from massacre, towards the close of Queen Mary's reign, is worthy of being held in grateful remembrance by all who mark the finger of Providence:—

The Queen had signed a commission, commanding her officers in Ireland to proceed with vigour in their persecution of her Protestant subjects there, as had been done in England. A Doctor Cole had charge of this paper, to bring it to Ireland. When he came to Chester, the mayor of the town called upon him, at the inn where he lodged; and as they talked together, Doctor Cole showed him a little leather box, in which the commission was contained, saying:—"Here is what will lash the heretics of Ireland." The woman of the house heard this ex-

pression of Doctor Cole ; and as she was herself a Protestant, and had a brother living in Dublin, who was of the same faith, she was much troubled at the doctor's words. But she soon thought of what she would do. She watched for the time when the mayor took his leave ; and when Doctor Cole left the room with him to see him down stairs, she quickly opened the box, took out the paper, and put in place of it a pack of cards. The doctor, not suspecting what was done, put up his box as before, and the next day sailed, with a fair wind, for Ireland, and landed at Dublin on the 7th October, 1558.

As soon as he landed, he went to the Castle, where the Lord Lieutenant called the Privy Council together. Cole made a speech, telling them the object of his journey, and handed the box to the Lord Lieutenant, who ordered it to be opened, that the secretary might read the Queen's commission. To their surprise, there was nothing in the box but a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost. The doctor was confounded ; he could not tell what had become of the paper. He was sure he had it when he left London ; but how it was taken out of the box, and the cards put in its place, he knew not. The Lord Lieutenant told him to go back to London, and get another commission from the Queen : "and in the meantime," said he, "we will shuffle the cards till you return."

Cole, much troubled in mind, hurried back to London, and got another paper from the Queen, of which you may be sure he took good care. But when he reached the sea-side he had to wait some days, as

the wind was contrary ; and during that delay, news came to him that Queen Mary was dead. Thus God, at that time, saved the Protestants of Ireland.

Queen Elizabeth was so pleased with this story that she sent for Elizabeth Edmunds—for that was the name of the woman who took the paper out of Doctor Cole's box—and gave her a pension of forty pounds a-year.*

The finger of Providence was equally manifest in the salvation of the country at the period to which we have adverted. "Murder, pillage, conflagration, tortures, and cruelties of every kind, had deluged the green island with blood ; and enacted, in its smiling valleys, and in the name of Christ's religion, scenes scarcely paralleled in the tortures of the red Indian or the hideous feasts of South Sea savages. It had seemed as if the land was peopled with tigers and wolves, rather than men." Cromwell's presence soon put an end to this infamy ; at Drogheda and elsewhere, a terrible retribution prevented all further havoc. Knowing that the religion of Rome was at the root of the evil, his first effort was to exert his moral weapon, in a piece of clear, sharp, convincing argumentation, contained in a letter. When, before or since, did Lord Lieutenant of Ireland pen such a document ? Here is a specimen :—

"I wonder not at differences in opinion, at discontents and divisions, where so antichristian and dividing a term as 'Clergy and Laity' is given and received. A term unknown to any save the antichristian

* See Nangle's History of the Reformation, vol. ii. cap. 18.

Church, and such as derive themselves from her ; *Ab initio non fuit sic*. The most pure and primitive times, as they best know what true *union* was, so, in all addresses to the several Churches they wrote unto, not one word of this. The members of the Churches are styled ‘Brethren, and Saints of the same household of Faith :’ and, although they had orders and distinctions amongst them for administration of ordinances, of a far different use and character from yours, yet it nowhere occasioned them to say, *contemptim*, and by way of lessening in contradistinguishing, ‘Laity and Clergy.’ It was your pride that begat this expression. And it is for filthy lucre’s sake that you keep it up ; that by making the people believe that they are not so holy as yourselves, they might, for their penny, purchase some sanctity from you ; and that you might bridle, saddle, and ride them at your pleasure ; and do (as is most true of you) as the Scribes and Pharisees of old did by their ‘Laity,’ keep the knowledge of the Law from them, and then be able in their pride to say, ‘This people that know not the Law are cursed.’ ”

The prelates had declared that they were “as one body united,” to forward by their counsels and actions “the advancements of his Majesty’s rights and the Catholic religion.” Oliver will not allow that men should have recourse to carnal means for the advancement of religion. In this he shows himself superior to his age, and almost to himself :—

“And now surely if these [the rights of the Church], that are outward things, may not thus be contended for, how much less may the doctrines of

faith, which are the works of grace and the Spirit, be endeavoured by so unsuitable means? He that bids us 'contend for the faith once delivered to the Saints,' tells us that we should do it by 'avoiding the spirit of Cain, Corah, and Balaam;' and by 'building up *ourselves* in the most holy faith,' not pinning it upon other men's sleeves. Praying 'in the Holy Ghost;' not mumbling over matins. Keeping 'ourselves in the love of God;' not destroying men because they will not be of our faith. 'Waiting for the mercy of Jesus Christ;' not cruel, but merciful! But, alas! why is this said? Why are these pearls cast before you? You are resolved not to be charmed from 'using the instrument of a foolish shepherd!' You are a part of Antichrist, whose kingdom the Scripture so expressly speaks should be 'laid in blood;' yea, 'in the blood of the Saints.' You have shed great store of that already; and ere it be long, you must all of you have 'blood to drink;' 'even the dregs of the cup of the fury and the wrath of God, which will be poured out unto you.' "

Having succeeded in reducing the island to a state of order and rest, making his own great name a terror to evil-doers, he now adopted a policy for its cultivation and improvement, which, during the brief ten years of his reign, covered the more sterile parts with verdure, and made the smiling valleys to teem with a produce, a plenty, and a contentment hitherto unknown. He saw it was a region of untold natural resources, a mine of wealth which only required digging, a crown of beauty, which would be the fairest gem in the three crowns of its monarch. He ob-

served that God had done everything, and man worse than nothing. It was a rule with him, perhaps of doubtful propriety, that if any of the people did not come into his system of order and industry, they should be shipped to other regions, not at their own expense, but at the expense of the Commonwealth of England, which was carrying on a system of emigration, and that others, of a better disposition, should take their place. "That country," said Cromwell, "so doomed to bad handling, must be put under a different treatment, and such as remain in it must not do so at the expense of its betterment."

Even Connaught—that Connaught which, in the nineteenth century, remains one scene of desolation and misery, had commenced to compete with Kent and Hampshire, in the corn it sent over into the English market, so much so that our neighbours across the channel began—just like them!—to complain! The English farmer is an emphatic John Bull; and only touch his market, or in other words, his pocket, and he will not fail to be impressed! But what was this Connaught of the seventeenth century? It contained, as now, the five counties west of the Shannon; and included, as now, the wild but sublime region of Connemara. It was so covered with vast boulders of rock that the opinion of its poor cottiers is, that when God Almighty made the world, He top-dressed the soil, by shaking over it the contents of a mighty sieve. On all other parts of the land, the fine earth was shaken; but on their own loved Connaught He had thrown out ONLY *the riddlings!*

Yet in Connaught, under Cromwell, "corn and cattle," and not merely the potato, flourished in

abundance. "Historians, even those most opposed to Cromwell, acknowledge that no statesman ever did so much for the good of that poor country. Public order and security, such as had not been known for many years, revived. That desolate province, then a vast desert district, was soon changed into a fruitful country, and the rest of Ireland was everywhere cultivated with activity and confidence. In the space of little more than two years, the whole kingdom was covered with elegant and useful buildings, fine plantations, and new enclosures. Peace, ease, and industry had returned to that unhappy land. Clarendon, and M. Villemain after him, cannot conceal their astonishment at it; and there is no impropriety in applying the rule of Scripture to Cromwell's conquest of Ireland: *the tree is known by its fruit.*" Whilst, in its general condition, the country was thus improving, Owen was "employed within the friendly walls of Dublin preaching to 'a numerous multitude of as thirsting people after the Gospel as ever he conversed with,' investigating the condition of the University, and devising measures for its extension and efficiency. His preaching was 'not in vain,' while his representations to parliament led to measures which raised the University from its half-ruinous condition, and obtained for it some of its most valuable immunities." Poor Ireland! The sentiment of Wordsworth, addressed to his own England, may, with even greater propriety, be spoken concerning this bright age, to thee:—

"Thou hast seen
Fair seed-time; better harvests might have been
But for thy trespasses."

Many other matters might be mentioned ; but we must here pause, and ask, is not much of this what we want at the present ? As for Oxford, what Prince cares for its real soundness or greatness ? As to the liberty of our subjects in other lands, but for private enterprise, such as that which emancipated Achilli, they may die and rot in the dungeons of Italy or Spain. As to Ireland, take one of a legion of wrongs : thousands upon thousands of men are being trained at the Government's express direction, and at the people's cost, who, when sent out over the globe, seek only to undo the work of liberty, and are laying the axe close to the tree of the Protestant religion, the wide world over. It is not the voice of bigotry, it is not the dictum of persecution ; but there is a deeper and a worthier meaning in the minds of enlightened men, when, despairing of all modern state jobbing, they anxiously exclaim—“ *We want another Cromwell.*” Yes ; England at this moment wants him. Her weighty topic of Popish aggression wants him. Ireland wants him ; our colonies want him ; the persecuted and down-trodden sons of Italy, who are longing for liberty of opinion and religion, want him. Abating many things which marked his career, and which, if he now lived, might wear another aspect, *Oliver Cromwell is just the man which is required by the nineteenth century.*

Such was the *life* of Oliver Cromwell. We may now ask *how did he die ?* This is a natural question. To ponder death, under ordinary circumstances, is an interesting employment, but to meditate on the end of such an individual as Oliver Cromwell, is a

duty we owe to him, and a means of much personal instruction. We may, in fact, learn more of what, as a Christian, he really was from his closing scene, than from whole volumes concerning the perilous times in which he lived. We do not hesitate to affirm, that only a believer in Jesus, with a soul well adjusted to the momentous claims of immortality, could have died so privileged a death as that which now awaited him. His vast mind, which had ruled one of the most powerful dominions on which the sun ever shone, had learned in the school of a rigorous and holy discipline to hold it with so loose a hand, that at any hour he was willing to commence the conflict with the last enemy, and enter into rest. Of all his foes this of death was the last. Of all the floods that had risen around him this only remained. His faith had often surveyed it, and as the end drew nigh he was ready to depart. Faith was uppermost. It surveyed the glorious adventure with a calm delight.

“ Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land,
Fearless when the great Master gives command ;
Death is the storm : she smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempest waft it from the shore.
Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease ;
Her faith can govern death, she spreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.
As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,
The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies.
Now vast eternity fills all her sight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright.”

So sings, with his accustomed truthfulness and beauty, our immortal Watts. The sentiment, we have no doubt, is descriptive of that solemn yet peaceful departure for a nearer communion with the Eternal and the Infinite, which, on the second day of September, 1658, occurred at Whitehall.

It was there this great labourer went to his rest ; it was there he uttered those glorious sayings pertaining to the foundation of his hope in Christ, to his interest in that covenant which is ordered in all things and sure, and to that blessed mansion, not made with hands, for which, as a child for his home, he so ardently longed. It was there the dark messenger, which stood by him in his declining hours, was welcome to him as is the shore to the tempest-tossed voyager, or the sweet “breath of evening to one who has borne the heat and burden of the day.” Yes it was *there*—WHITEHALL—the very place from which his soul would have shrunk with horror, had he not felt a conscious integrity respecting a different sort of death, which had marked the palace as one of great import to all subsequent generations.

Among the many events which tended to reduce the strong frame of the Protector, and secure for him a premature grave, was one of too tender and lovely a character to be left unnoticed. His favourite daughter, Elizabeth, Lady Claypole, was seized with a dangerous illness. She lay in dying circumstances at Hampton Court. “When he saw his favourite child threatened by the grim tyrant he had so often faced in the field ; when death knocked at the palace gate, not for the weary and toil-worn soldier, but for his

beloved daughter, then all else was forgotten in the terrible trial. It was an attack made on his strongest citadel, wherein all his jewels lay treasured, and by a stronger foe than those his victorious sword had so oft beat down. When the storm raged most fiercely abroad, his home was the sanctuary to which he always had turned, sure of finding there loving looks and faithful hearts to share his sorrows, or give new zest, by their sympathy, to his joys. But now this stronghold too was shaken. For fourteen days the fond father, unable to attend to any public business, refused to quit her bed-side. On the sixth day of August she lay in her last sleep, and the weeping circle, among whom was her noble mother and her sisters, sought consolation where they had oft before found it in less trying hours of bereavement." Though the noble nature of Cromwell was meekly resigned, yet this severe affliction broke his heart. When a strong man totters under too heavy a burden, the least thing will overthrow him. Once loosen the roots of the imperial oak, and the slightest wind will lay it even with the ground. Thus was it with Oliver Cromwell. Who can think of his life without saying the burden was more than can be long carried. At the very beginning of life he was absorbed in deepest sorrow for his nation. Then came incessant toil and peril, after that inconceivable responsibility. No wonder, at sixty years of age, he can stand no longer.

Hampton Court is his favourite palace. Here he loved to be at home with his family. But a change is desirable, and where shall his physicians recom-

mend him to go? Where would you think? Supposing that they believed their illustrious patient guilty of all that crime so unreasonably attributed to him, concerning the act which, on the 30th January, 1649, left Charles Stuart a lifeless corpse, they never would, in so precarious a moment, have advised a removal to Whitehall. Oliver, too, on such a supposition, would have refused the advice. "Ah, no!" he would say, feeling a horror stronger than that of death; any where but Whitehall,—the house of my foulest deeds!" It was, however, with calm composure and conscious integrity that he responded to the advice. He felt no remorse; he saw no need for repentance. His going there, moreover, and for the good of his sinking health, appeared natural enough to his friends and the people. This one fact, then, characterizes the opinions of his age. It sheds the charm of a strong integrity over the mind that now ponders the mighty past, amidst associations and convictions likely to be awakened by the very walls of that death-room, where, only ten years before, he had steadily gazed on the pale countenance of Charles.

His experience at this crisis is that of a true Christian. Harvey is now our biographer. He remarks, "that a few days after the death of the Lady Elizabeth, which touched him nearly, being then himself under bodily distempers, forerunners of that sickness which was to death, and in his bed-chamber, he called for a Bible, and desired an honourable and godly person there, with others present, to read unto him that passage in Philippians, fourth:—'Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned in whatsoever

state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound. Everywhere, and by all things, I am instructed; both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things, through Christ which strengtheneth me.' Which read, said he, to use his own words as near as I can remember them: 'This Scripture did once save my life; when my eldest son (poor Oliver) died; which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did.' And then repeating the words of the text himself, and reading the tenth and eleventh verses of Paul's contentation, and submission to the will of God in all conditions, said he: 'It's true, Paul, *you* have learned this, and attained to this measure of grace: but what shall *I* do? Ah, poor creature, it is a hard lesson for me to take out! I find it so!' But reading on to the thirteenth verse, where Paul saith, 'I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me,' then faith began to work, and his heart to find support and comfort, and he said thus to himself, '*He that was Paul's Christ is my Christ, too!*' And so he drew waters out of the well of salvation."

Often during his illness did he speak of "the two Covenants," the one of works, and the other of grace. He would tell of "unspeakable mercy," of "gracious engagements," of "the two Covenants, by Christ's death put into one." "They were two," he was heard ejaculating, "but put into one before the foundation of the world." These precious words fell from his lips whilst his wife, the once-beautiful and still-tenderly attached Elizabeth, and his children stood

weeping around him. On one occasion he remarked, "All the promises of God are in *Him* : yes, and in Him, amen ; to the glory of God by us ; by *us* in Christ Jesus. The Lord hath filled me with as much assurance of His pardon and His love as my soul can hold." On the night before the Lord took him to his long-desired rest, he was heard thus speaking :—

" ' Truly God is good ; indeed He is ; He will not '—Then his speech failed him, but as I apprehended, it was, ' He will not leave me.' This saying, ' God is good,' he frequently used all along ; and would speak it with much cheerfulness and fervour of spirit in the midst of his pains. Again he said : ' I would be willing to live to be farther serviceable to God and His people : but my work is done. Yet God will be with His people.'

" He was very restless most part of the night, speaking often to himself. And there being something to drink offered to him, he was desired to take the same, and endeavour to sleep. Unto which he answered : ' It is not my design to drink or sleep ; but my design is, to make what haste I can to be gone.'

" Afterwards, towards morning, he used divers holy expressions, implying much inward consolation and peace. Among the rest he spake some exceeding self-debasing words, *annihilating* and judging himself. And truly it was observed, that a public spirit to God's cause did breathe in him,—as in his lifetime, so now to his very last."

How calm the confidence !—how blessed the assurance ! As in life, so now, his mind was made up to a

decided course. "My design is, to make what haste I can to be gone."

"His time was come," says Harvey; "and neither prayers nor tears could prevail with God to lengthen out his life and continue him longer to us. Prayers abundantly and incessantly poured out on his behalf, both publicly and privately, as was observed, in a more than ordinary way. Besides many a secret sigh,—secret and unheard by men, yet like the cry of Moses, more loud, and strongly laying hold on God, than many spoken supplications. All which,—the hearts of God's people being thus mightily stirred up, did seem to beget confidence in some, and hopes in all; yea, some thoughts in himself, that God would restore him."

"Prayers public and private: they are worth imagining to ourselves. Meetings of preachers, chaplains, and godly persons; 'Owen, Goodwin, Sterry, with a company of others, in an adjoining room;' in Whitehall, and elsewhere over religious London and England, fervent outpourings of many a loyal heart."*

O how beautiful, how goodly is this departure! We could linger over it with a sincere gratitude. Long since have we discovered his goodness, but it is palpable now. Here is the true Christian, not obscurely seen, as through a glass darkly, *but face to face*. The sun shines forth in all its glorious lustre and benignity at its going down, leaving a sorrowing

* Carlyle.

nation to deplore its departure, or to gaze with melancholy forebodings on the long wilderness of clouds which remain in his stead. And how beautiful is this ebbing of so great a life! It "makes what haste it can to be gone," yet is the exit calm and cheerful. And no wonder, for it ebbed on those "two Covenants made one in Christ,"—a suitable resting-place,—the only suitable one affording a suitable sleep after so arduous a task.

"So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore."

Such, then, was the death of this great man. The event, as may be expected, was attended by the grief of a nation, who, whilst he lived, never ceased to revere and love him. It has often been affirmed, but apparently with little reason, that he died at a time fortunate for his renown, and that if his life had been spared, it would probably have closed amidst disgrace and disaster. "It is, however, certain," remarks Macaulay, "that he was to the last honoured of his soldiers, obeyed by the whole of the British population, and dreaded by all foreign powers; that he was laid among the ancient sovereigns of England with funeral pomp such as London had never seen; and that he was succeeded by his son, Richard, as quietly as any king had ever been succeeded by any Prince of Wales."

And now for a *practical application*: first to ourselves. Let us imitate the piety of Oliver Cromwell.

Let us imitate his moral goodness and greatness ; let us be enamoured of his domestic virtues. Let us, however, know our *dispensation* ; that it is not that of David or Joshua, but that of Christ. In the spirit of Christ, let us copy the zeal of His great servant, who, as we have seen, had his heart set towards the advancement of divine truth in the world, and the prosperity of the Lord's people. His course is replete with the noblest lessons to young men. His moral greatness may be theirs ; it is ready at hand. What Cromwell learned by the visits of the godly men at St. Ives, and which was at the foundation of all that was truly great and morally grand in his character, may be theirs. Why should they despair of the possession ? The highway to the best of all greatness is that of goodness, which comes of conversion to God and communion with eternal realities. Thus

“ Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, might take heart again.”

Further, our monarch, our rulers, our senators, and the people of these united kingdoms may learn from Oliver Cromwell. They are all vitally interested in the great questions which agitated the seventeenth century ; none more so than our beloved monarch. It were a day never to be desired in Great Britain, when

the Protestants of the nation can feel that their Sovereign and constitution are no longer a safeguard against the encroachments of a system whose history in England has been written in lines of blood. The Papacy in England is now like the returning tide, which only as yet covers certain parts of the sands; the approach is by "piecemeal:" here a little and there a little: only a safe and sound constitution can be a breakwater to its *political* encroachments. For all *spiritual* evils the Gospel of truth is enough; but when once a persecuting "*canon*" can take effect in England, the nation is thrown back into the midst of the dark times of Mary. There is light on these matters of late; but it must shine on the high places of the land, as well as among the people. The papers of the day are, for the most part, sound and bold. Glimpses of what Cromwell did are here and there appearing on their pages; and the comments of thinking, inquiring, earnest, godly men are natural enough. "*This,*" they say, "*is like the present; and such a man we want now.*"

I certainly could not divine what Oliver Cromwell *would do*, were he now at the head of the Government of these kingdoms; but it were easy to know what he would *not* do.

1. *He would NOT have submitted your institutions to Rome, for the consideration, revision, and approval of an Italian priest.* As well may light go forth on a mission of darkness, as for Oliver Cromwell to have written the following document:—

Letter from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin :—

(Private.)

“ Castle, March 19, 1848.

“ MY DEAR Lord,—*Your Grace* had the goodness to promise me that you would convey to Rome, for the consideration of the Pope, the amended statutes of the Queen’s Colleges in Ireland, as the British Government has no official organ of communication with the Holy See.

“ I was happy of having the opportunity to consult your Grace before any alteration was made, because as a *Catholic* prelate you well know what guarantees and provisions were requisite for ensuring *religious instruction* to the *Catholic* youths who might frequent those Colleges, and I was anxious that such securities should be given with the most entire good faith, and in a manner perfectly satisfactory to the Irish prelates, *who, like yourself, desired to see the true interests of morality and the CATHOLIC RELIGION PROMOTED BY THESE INSTITUTIONS.*

“ I regret very much the delay that has taken place in the revision of the statutes ; but I need hardly tell you that the attention of the Government was last year wholly devoted to alleviating the calamity with which it was the will of Providence that this country should be visited ; moreover, this delay was of no importance, as the Colleges would not be ready for occupation before the end of the year 1849.

“ The whole of the statutes are *at your disposal now or at any future period that your Grace or any*

other bishop may wish to see them ; but as they are very voluminous, and relate entirely to the course of instruction and the duties of the different officers of the Colleges, I propose at present only to trouble you with the *religious portion* of them.

“ Accordingly, I herewith send all that part of the statutes which affect, as to *religious* points, both professors and students, as well as an extract from the Report of the Board with reference to religious instruction.

“ The list of Visitors is not yet settled ; but I can have no hesitation in stating that it will include the *Catholic Archbishop of the province* and *Bishop of the diocese* in which the College is situated, and that, moreover, in the Council, Professorships, and other posts of each College, the *Catholic* religion would be fully and appropriately represented ; for these Colleges are instituted for the education of the middle classes, and the Government would fail in its object of training up the youth of Ireland to be good men and loyal subjects, if their religious instruction and moral conduct were not duly provided for and guarded by every precaution that the most anxious solicitude can devise.

“ *As I entertain a profound veneration for the character of the Pope, and implicitly rely upon his upright judgment*, it is with pleasure that I now ask your Grace to submit these statutes to the consideration of *his Holiness*, believing, as I do, that they may be advantageously compared with those of any other similar institution in Europe ; and that by exhibiting the care and the good faith with which they have been

framed, they will furnish a simple but conclusive answer to those misrepresentations which have been so industriously circulated, and which, if they had been founded in truth, would have justly excited the alarm and called forth the reprobation of *his Holiness*.

“I have the honour to be, with great esteem, my dear Lord, your Grace’s very faithful servant,

“CLARENDON.

“To his Grace Archbishop Murray,
Of Dublin.”

The following is from the *Tablet*, one of the organs of the priesthood :—

“Calm your perturbations, ye excellent individuals, and submit with decent dignity to the inevitable. It is even so—it must be so—it will be so yet more and more. You are only at the beginning of your perplexity. The Pope will speak more loudly than ever, and, what is more, he will be listened to. He will turn over your musty Acts of Parliament with finger and thumb, scrutinizing them with a most irreverent audacity, examining those which concern him; and when he has found these, rejecting some and tolerating others, with as much freedom as *you* use when you handle oranges in a shop, selecting the soft and sweet, contemptuously rejecting the sour and rotten. And then—oh, dreadful thought!—he will insist upon being obeyed. The very slates at Exeter Hall must erect themselves in horror at the bare thought of such a thing. What! the Bill was read three times in each House of Parliament—it was twice passed—en-

grossed on parchment—garnished with a waxen appendage by way of seal—and had over it, pronounced by royal lips, the mysterious words and creative fiat, *La reine, le veut*. The Queen wills it; her Lords will it; her Commons will it. What does it want to complete the perfect fashion of a law? Nothing of solemnity, nothing of force which the Imperial sceptre of this kingdom could give, is wanting to it. But, truly, it may want the sanction of religion. The Pope snuffs disdainfully at it; an Italian priest will have none of it; it trenches upon his rights, or rather upon his duties; it violates the integrity of those interests which he is set to guard: and, therefore, Commons, Lords, Queen, wax, parchment, and all, avail it very little. You may call it law, if you please; you may note it on your roll. You may print it in the yearly volume of your statutes. But before long you will have to repeal or alter it, in order to procure the sanction of a foreign potentate, without which it has not, in the end, the value of a tenpenny nail.”

2. *He would NOT compel the people of Great Britain, out of their hard earnings, to pay thirty thousand pounds a-year for the support of Maynooth.* Yes, £30,000 a-year, free from all examination or superintendence whatever on the part of the donor, and left altogether to the administration of men whose system, if rightly carried out, would be subversive of our very Constitution! What was thus done in 1846 would never have been done in 1656. What!—Oliver Cromwell consent to give £30,000 a-year for the express object of training men by hundreds and by thousands, whose work it would be to propa-

gate the un-English and un-Protestantizing dogmas of Romanism, not only throughout the United Kingdom, but broadcast over the world.

3. *He would NOT have meddled with the foundation of those new empires now rising up in our colonial dominions, by supporting, at the cost of England, Romish priests and bishops, and by erecting from the same source Popish chapels and schools.*—Bad enough for them to be there, but unspeakably bad to be there by the direct conveyance and constant support of the people of England. The number of the men is immense; the amount of money expended is deplorable; the principle by which the traffic is encouraged is most unenlightened and unjust; and the wrong done to the colonies themselves is not only for the present, but for ages and centuries to come.

4. *He would NOT have allowed of any unconstitutional Papal aggression.*—The Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England would have exercised his *moral* weapon on this matter in first, second, and third. Reasons strong enough. If not, however, other means may follow. He would have spoken of his *own* supremacy, not believing in the *Pope's*. He would have remarked on the supremacy of the Constitution of England, not believing in that of the Papal Constitution. He would have spoken of a higher sovereign than sovereign pontiffs, and would have shown how that in England, at least, no aggression was to be suffered on *Him*. Back to the Vatican, then, would he have thrown the “Bull,” declaring “that no foreign prince or potentate should have any authority whatever in this kingdom of England.”

5. *He would NOT allow British subjects to suffer persecution, or lie unbefriended in remote Inquisitions on account of their religion.*—The terror of his great name swept sea and land, at home and abroad, of all obstructions to liberty. A small document, with his name affixed, would have opened, if needful, all the prisons in Europe ! Under him Tahiti would have been free ; Pomare, a queen in her own right ; Achilli and Gavazzi preaching at Rome !

6. *He would NOT be at a loss to know whether the Papal system was a religious system or a secular system, half religious or half secular.*—He knew “the Canons ;” he had studied history ; he had seen men mutilated for conscience sake. Over England a voice had more than once been heard, that attempted to strip its monarchs of their crown, deprive them of their kingdom, and absolve the people of their oath of allegiance. He knew without a doubt the meaning of the short syllables, “TO PLUCK UP,” “TO DESTROY,” “TO DISPERSE,” “TO PLANT,” “TO BUILD,” “TO ROOT OUT.” On all such words a few sentences from headquarters would shed quite enough light. “THE BISHOP OF ROME MAY EXCOMMUNICATE EMPERORS AND PRINCES, DEPOSE THEM FROM THEIR STATES, AND ASSOIL THEIR SUBJECTS FROM THEIR OATH OF OBEDIENCE TO THEM, AND SO CONSTRAIN THEM TO REBELLION. THE BISHOP OF ROME MAY ARREST MEN, AND IMPRISON THEM IN MANACLES AND FETTERS.”

7. *He would NOT have been at a loss to know how to deal with Cardinal Wiseman.*—With a far less degree of sagacity than belonged to him, he would have under-

stood the manœuvering which praised the people of England for their "gentleness," and "meekness," and non-persecuting spirit. He would have declared at once that outside the constitution no foreign prince should bear rule in England. He would have followed up the "I NICHOLAS, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF; I GOVERN," &c., with "I OLIVER CROMWELL, THE PROTECTOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND, *do give you timely warning that in three days from this date you leave these shores of England for the Castle of St. Angelo, where (if you desire to return as plain Dr. Nicholas Wiseman, preacher of righteousness and truth), you must, leaving behind you all such 'baubles,' change your mitre, your stockings, and your hat; and for the purpose of the voyage, a safe conveyance will be given by means of a vessel provided by the state, which will bear you, free of all expense, from the banks of the Thames to the banks of the Tiber.*"

Such is what Oliver Cromwell would *not* have done in England of the seventeenth century; and such, in some respects, is what he *would* have done. Say, *do we* or *do we NOT* want a man of similar policy, and of a kindred fortitude for England of the nineteenth century? Do we, or do we not, is the question. Let the remarkable times, now passing over us, declare.

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